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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

VOL. XXXIX. SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1902. NO. 46

CIVIL COURT PROCEEDINGS.

The Jurors and Court Officials Have Little to Do.

MANY CASES WERE SETTLED.

The Trial List Was Small—Court Adjourned Wednesday Afternoon.

The November term of the McKean county Court of Common Pleas convened at 2 p. m., Monday, with a light attendance.

The case of F. A. Judd vs. J. & F. B. Garrett, feigned issue and the case of O. A. Knox vs. the Bradford Torpedo Company, were continued on account of the illness of R. B. Stone, attorney for plaintiffs in each case. The other cases continued were W. S. Weed & Co. vs. Hall & Kaul, assumpsit; Martha Suttell vs. John Barry; P. B. Wright vs. J. C. Looker, appeal; Jane L. Reed vs Nathan Snyder, administrator, assumpsit; S. D. Burton vs. Ira Burton and George W. Moore, appeal; Agnes Burroughs vs. M. W. Wagner, appeal.

The cases of Thompson & McCabe vs. Edward Anderson, appeal, and of Adam Cressman vs Frank M. Johnson, appeal, were settled and discontinued. Also the case of M. H. Connelly vs. Bergman & Day, appeal.

In the matter of the estate of W. A. Young, an application was made to sell real estate to pay debts, and proofs of service of notice on heirs and trustees having been filed, and order granting application was filed by the court.

Re estate of Orlie Maynard, a minor. Bond of guardian on sale of real estate approved, and deed of J. H. Williams, guardian, acknowledge in open court.

In the matter of the estate of Rachel M. Foster, deceased, rule to show cause why administrator should not be discharged, was granted returnable next regular term.

In re application of C. B. Sage, guardian of Charles E. Thropp, to sell real estate, petition granted, and deed of C. B. Sage, guardian, acknowledged in court.

S. W. Chamberlain vs. Gage Bros., defendants, and C. L. Griffin, motion for leave to file additional plea granted, and plea filed.

City of Bradford vs. William Shaw, and City of Bradford vs. Grant Smith, et al. Motion for judgment in each case, granted.

In re estate of Rachel M. Foster, deceased. Restated auditor's report and order confirming same filed.

Re estate of C. W. Lilgendahl, inventory and appraisement and list of personal estate set aside to widow, confirmed nisi. Same in re estate of J. C. Duell, deceased.

In the matter of the petition of Milton Craven and others, trustees, for leave to sell real estate: order and decree of court on exceptions filed.

The case of Spiller vs. Young and Fowler, was settled by agreement of the parties, and plaintiff was given a verdict for two thirds of the land in dispute.

The jury in the case of S. D. Burns and Ira Burton vs. George W. Moore, had been called, but before the trial of the case, the parties got together and effected a settlement. The plaintiffs claimed about $150 due them from Moore a balance owing on a contract for drilling an oil well. By the settlement they received $125.

In the case of Ira Burton vs. L. E. Cutting, the plaintiff received a verdict for $670, being the amount claimed and interest from July, 1898.

Mullin & Mullin took judgment against Jennie A. Asselto for $92, for professional services rendered, defendant not appearing.

The case of George H. Mills, trustee vs. T.F. Mullin and Mrs. John Oppenheimer was decided by the court in favor of the plaintiff. Counsel for defense took exceptions to the rulings of the court in every instance and it is probable that the case will be appealed to a higher court.

Court finished all the business before it at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, although a session was called at 2 o'clock this afternoon to hear motions. During the entire session no case has gone to the jury.

Affirmed the Auditor's Report.

Some weeks ago mention was made of the report of Hon. T. F. Richmond who was appointed by Judge Morrison to take testimony in the petition of the park land trustees for power to sell a certain tract of land and with the proceeds improve the three parks which are located within the borough limits, says yesterday's Kane Republican. Mr. Richmond reported in favor of the sale and Judge Morrison in an opinion handed down on Monday, confirms the auditor's report, placing the costs of the case on the Kane estate. Unless an appeal is taken from Judge Morrison's decision, the commissioners will proceed to dispose of the above mentioned tract and then they will be in a position to commence work on the parks in the early spring.

Bradford Man Under Bail.

This morning's Era says: John Malone, at a hearing before Alderman Foley at 10 o'clock yesterday morning on a charge of malicious mischief, was held to court in the sum of $200 bail. His offense consisted of breaking a window and creating a disturbance at the Monarch billiard parlor on Monday evening. At 11 o'clock the defendant was taken before Alderman Osborne and on charges of surety of the peace and carrying concealed weapons, was placed under $400 bonds for his appearance at court. Fred Stewart was the prosecutor in the two latter cases. Malone was unable to furnish the required bail and he will be taken to Smethport to-day to await trial on the charges.

Abe J. Martin of the firm of Martin & Johnson, Jamestown, N. Y., will be at the Grand Central Hotel Monday, Nov. 17th with a full line of goods for ladies and gents.

See our horse blankets and robes. Holmes & Gilfillan.

From a Smethport Boy.

Wabash Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.

Mr. Harry Backus:—I write you a few lines to tell you something of the life of an American tar, as we are called. I like the service well. Our daily duty is: 'We arise at five in the morning, wash, brush up and get ready for breakfast. Our breakfast consists of coffee, bread and butter, potatoes and beef, and all you want of it. Then we shine up and get ready for drill, which lasts until ten. Then we smoke and enjoy ourselves until eleven thirty when we wash and get ready for dinner. Our dinner is, roast beef, potatoes and gravy, tea or coffee with milk, mixed cookies, pickles, etc. We have baked beans and pork once a week for dinner. After this we read and smoke until 2 o'clock, when we drill until three. Then we rest for two hours. At five we take half an hour to wash and get ready for supper. The supper consists of coffee or tea and milk, bread and butter, fried potatoes, cold beef, pickles and cookies. Then at seven instructions begin and last until eight. At 8:45 we get our hammocks ready for bed and nine o'clock lights are out.

We have a band on board ship twice a week to play for us, Tuesday and Thursday. To day there were one hundred boys picked out of 2,500 to force a landing somewhere unknown to us. We will heave anchor sometime during the night. I am in it and of course I will get a ducking before the landing is made, but I am willing to take it. This is my first experience in a sham battle.

I will write again.

HARRY L. HEILMAN.

Oct. 29, 1902.

Death of Gustave Hagberg.

Died at the home of his brother, Alfred Hagberg of Willow street, yesterday afternoon at 3:30, Gustave Hagberg, after a long illness of consumption.

Gustave Hagberg was born in Sweden, July 22, 1866. He came to this country fourteen years ago and has been a resident of Smethport most of that period. Mr. Hagberg was a quiet, industrious man who had many friends. Over a year ago he contracted the dread disease which eventually caused his death. During the period of his illness Mr. Hagberg exhibited remarkable fortitude, and although suffering severely, was ever cheerful. He was confined to his bed about five weeks before his death.

Deceased leaves an aged father, who ~~resides in Sweden; two brothers,~~ Alfred, of Smethport and Charles of Ohio, and two sisters, residents of Bradford.

The funeral will be held at the M. E. church ~~to~~-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock under the auspices of the local lodge I. O. O. F., of which the deceased was a member. Interment at Rose Hill cemetery.

My trunks, suit cases, hand bags, blankets and robes, as well as all other goods, are sold on honor at very reasonable prices. See them before buying.

CHARLES LEMMLER.

The finest line of nuts and candies can be found at the store of Gaskin & Grant.

Use the Redfield mantle.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

For the past week the attention of the country has been directed to what was thought at one time to be a formidable rebel invasion into Maryland and Pennsylvania. From the latest accounts received, however, we are satisfied that the rebel force does not exceed 10,000 men and that it was sent out by Lee to gather up horses and supplies for his beleaguered army in Richmond. On the 7th inst. the forces under Gen. Wallace, who now commands at Baltimore, met the raiders at Frederick City, Md., and gave them a severe drubbing. Since that time we have had no news from that quarter.

We have been permitted the perusal of a private letter from Lieut. B. F. Wright of the old Bucktail regiment, dated at Petersburg, July 11, 1864. In speaking of the rebel raid he says: "I wish they would burn and destroy till the North is aroused. I am not worried at what the rebels are doing, but I am provoked to see the old soldiers so slow about coming forward at such a time. There are discharged soldiers enough at home to whip the whole rebel force. But they are not going to get Grant away from here. We are on duty night and day and officers and men are most worn out.

Married, in Eldred, on Wednesday, July 6, 1864, by the Rev. S. D. Morris, Mr. Elihu B. Starkweather of Port Allegany to Miss Ellen M. Beckwith of Smethport.

On Wednesday, July 6, 1864, at the residence of the bride's father in Portville, N. Y., by the Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. John C. Barrett of Keating township, Pa., to Miss Bell Meddaugh. We thank this happy couple for the token of remembrance which accompanied this notice. The silver piece we will keep until shinplasters shall be no more, but we cannot say as much for the delicious cake, for that has already disappeared. May heaven's choicest blessings be showered upon our friends through life.

On July 14, 1864, by the Rev. L. A. Stevens, Sergeant Marshall J. Hadley of the 58th Regt., P. V., to Miss Mary A. Merrick, both of Annin. Our friend Hadley has shown himself to be an efficient soldier while in the service of his country. He has now entered a service in which time alone can determine his efficiency. We wish him and his beautiful bride all sorts of joy in their new relations.

On Thursday, July 21, 1864, at the Catholic church on Newell Creek, Ceres township, this county, by Father Madigan, Patrick Welsh of Co. F, 58th Regt. P. V., to Miss Kate Tool of Ceres township.

Wake up, ye Town Council, and enforce the ordinance which compels the shutting up of cattle certain hours of the night. Several gardens in the borough have been destroyed within the past week and more will share the same fate unless people who own unruly cows are compelled to shut them up nights.

We are indebted to Lieut. B. F. Wright of the old Bucktail Regt. for a copy of the Richmond Dispatch. It is a dingy looking sheet, a fit color for the cause it represents. The terms of the Dispatch are $40 per year, or 20 cents per copy.

Whatever else you do, or don't do, don't croak. Croaking isn't the natural utterance of human voices. Let the bull-frogs and the copperheads have a monopoly of it. Be sure you're no true patriot if you croak; true patriots never croak, whatever happens. If you want Jeff Davis & Co. to prosper and swallow the North, but are afraid openly to help him, croak—that will aid him, indirectly, a little. If you want Grant to fail to take Richmond and to be whipped by Lee, but don't want to do any fighting on either side, croak—that will be the most efficient aid you can properly afford, with reasonable safety to your whole skin. Say, solemnly, with a long face, that gold will soon be 300; advise people to buy a barrel of sugar before the price of sugar goes up clear out of sight; snuffle over the dreadful times which are just ahead for the poor; turn up your eyes with horror at greenbacks, and just intimate that you expect to live to see them sold by the bushel for the price of paper rags! In short, croak! croak! croak!

It seems that the Olean Advertiser has been pitching into Elder Morris of late, on account of a sermon recently preached by him in the Baptist church in the village of Olean. Some of the Elder's friends asked him if he wasn't going to reply to the attack of the Advertiser. He said it reminded him of the fable of the lion and the skunk. The lion came upon the skunk in the forest and thus soliloquized: "I might place my paw upon him and without an effort crush his life out of him. But then, again, in doing so I would raise a smell which would stink the forest up for a half mile round. I believe I will go around him." Elder Morris, not wishing to make it uncomfortable for the citizens of Olean to remain in their village, proposes to adopt the lion's policy and keep his paw off the skunk.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post-office at Smethport for the week ending Nov. 8, 1902.

Bert Andrews, W. W. Buck, N. M. Black, H. J. Boyles, Dan Biggs, Jake Clinger, Geo. Clinger, Harry Davenport, Frank Griggins, Jake Glinger, W. C. Gowan, Geo Glinger, T. T. Lebew, Gustave Lemair, A. M. Loomis, Harry Myrick, Chas E. Miller, Erick Melgren, Mgr. Opera House 2, Leon Myebbers, Lester Pronty, H. J. Richardson, H. L. Stitt, F. A. Stewart, C. J. Sackett 6, C. A. Townsend, John White, Henry Wolbert, Jos. Yates.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

A full line of cigars, tobaccos, pipes and all smokers' articles is carried by Gaskin & Grant.

Was it Chiseled Or is it Petrified?

Over a hundred persons have already called at the home of Carlisle Say, on Palmer avenue, where what appears to be the petrified head of a child of from 5 to 7 years, occupies a place on a small stand in the parlor. As was stated in the Star yesterday Mr. Say ploughed up the head from the bed of the creek not far below the Douglass dam.

A Star reporter called at the house this morning and found a group of visitors there, all bent on seeing the head. It represents a very pretty child and is perfect in every detail, only that there was a hole in the top of the head, which Mr. Say has, for some reason, filled with cement. The Star man not being a judge of petrification, sought the advice of W. A. Peck, a tombstone manufacturer and marble cutter, whose establishment is close by. Mr. Peck, after carefully examining the head, said he thought it might be a petrified human head, but the fact that the wavy hair was shown so plainly made him think that perhaps the head had been chiseled. "It was not chiseled for the cemetery monument," he said, "as a sculptor would not use that kind of stone. The great weight of the stone and the exceedingly coarse grain leads me to think it is a petrified head; the appearance of the hair may have been caused by an accumulation of sand in the hair, which hardened."

If it is a petrified head who was the child?

How did it come to be buried in the creek bed?

The Star would suggest that people who are familiar with petrification call at the Say home, which is not far below Oak Hill cemetery, and examine the head. It may be but a chiseled stone, but if it is a petrified human head it is not unlikely that Mr. Say has unearthed a mystery that, if solved, might cause a sensation.—Bradford Star, Saturday.

Molineux Acquitted.

Roland B. Molineux has been set at liberty, after spending nearly four years in prison and being once condemned to death and twice placed on trial for his life for the murder of Mrs. Katherine J. Adams. The jury reached a verdict of acquittal after being out thirteen minutes. The second trial lasted four weeks while the first occupied the court for about three months. The verdict of acquittal was anticipated generally on account of the ruling out of much damage as testimony admitted at the previous trial. Now we may expect a dramatization of this celebrated case.

To Increase the Output.

Preparations are being made to place the second tank of the Haines bottle factory in operation. This factory is now working one tank night and day, but it is understood that the already immense output must be greatly increased to keep up with orders. The Haines plant is one of the largest of its kind in the world and it was a lucky day for Smethport when it landed this excellent manufactory.

Good Kitchen help, a Sargent's gem food chopper. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Official Vote of McKean County, November 4, 1902.

DISTRICTS	Governor.			Lt. Gov.			Sec. In. Af.			Congress.			Legislature.						Sheriff.			Prothonotary.			Recorder.			Register.			Ck. of Cts.			D.A.	County Commissioners.						County Auditors.					
	Pennypacker, R.	Pattison, D.	Swallow, P.	Brown, R.	Guthrie, D	Grumbine, P.	Brown, R.	Nolan, D.	Marquis, P	Dresser, R.	Hibner, D.	McCoy, P.	Campbell, R.	McElroy, R.	Boyne, D	Connolly, D	Love, P.	Day, P.	Mays, R.	Kerr, D.	Thompson, P.	Bell, R.	Durfey, D.	Scott, P.	Choate, R.	Lewis, D	Howden, P.	Eastman, R.	Park, D.	Eaton, P.	Morrison, R	Bagley, D.	Brenholtz, P.	Melvin, R.	Peterson, R.	Griffiths, R.	Walsh, D.	Maloney, D.	Robinson, P	Foster, P	Burtle, R	Engstrom, R.	Devlin, D.	Cory, D.	Strong, P.	Lanaway, P.
Annin Township	78	78	10	78	77	10	79	76	9	83	75	9	78	76	79	81	9	9	80	73	9	83	73	9	81	73	9	80	73	9	78	74	9	80	79	79	64	75	12	9	77	78	75	76	12	10
Bradford C., 1st W., 1st Dist	78	73	2	77	67	2	70	57	2	100	46	2	73	84	66	66	2	2	90	68	2	84	62	2	94	47	2	86	47	2	88	53	2	95	99	84	48	49	3	3	84	83	58	47	3	3
" " 1st " 2d "	73	111	2	79	99	2	81	94	3	109	69	1	78	88	108	93	2	2	93	84	2	86	94	1	93	80	2	85	90	2	94	78	2	109	91	93	75	79	4	2	88	86	88	78	2	5
" " 2d " 1st "	148	145	6	163	129	6	167	116	8	212	75	8	141	169	148	123	5	6	185	104	10	162	126	9	198	84	7	191	90	7	195	90	9	210	194	182	103	85	8	7	193	169	91	89	7	7
" " 2d " 2d "	92	149	6	98	185	6	104	125	7	150	84	6	88	101	148	180	6	6	112	122	8	104	129	10	123	105	6	114	111	8	124	104	7	133	116	114	108	103	9	10	112	107	110	105	9	10
" " 3d " 1st "	100	123	4	97	114	4	104	105	4	148	76	6	95	114	120	111	5	4	116	95	7	115	107	7	126	88	5	116	98	5	117	88	6	132	123	121	84	87	7	4	115	108	98	85	5	8
" " 3d " 2d "	73	139	13	85	121	11	88	112	11	116	99	12	79	87	131	126	13	12	103	108	12	93	119	15	88	112	13	87	115	18	91	114	13	110	100	94	109	110	13	13	93	85	112	112	12	12
" " 4th "	205	251	22	221	225	10	239	190	19	330	127	15	192	281	266	222	22	21	257	184	22	215	235	21	271	159	21	201	172	21	269	160	20	318	271	278	199	182	22	21	268	263	164	156	22	26
" " 5th "	154	186	7	158	175	8	164	164	6	104	151	6	151	157	180	180	6	5	175	163	6	159	189	4	178	155	6	176	157	5	178	160	6	187	180	178	149	147	7	9	180	177	155	145	6	8
" " 6th "	136	211	14	145	190	14	152	177	16	216	126	13	153	160	180	174	16	18	184	151	14	153	186	15	171	151	14	164	158	16	168	157	15	191	179	173	149	136	21	17	168	160	156	149	19	20
" Township, 1st Dist	61	78	24	70	64	25	75	59	23	89	48	23	64	65	79	67	20	21	85	48	24	77	58	26	81	51	24	81	52	24	81	50	25	86	84	82	49	49	26	24	83	81	48	46	27	28
" " 2d "	88	52	6	93	43	4	91	42	4	111	33	4	84	87	56	58	4	4	102	36	4	99	38	5	94	38	5	95	35	5	94	36	7	103	99	95	36	42	5	6	96	95	36	34	6	6
Ceres "	99	59	14	102	56	14	101	56	14	101	56	14	99	99	53	59	13	13	103	55	12	103	55	13	102	56	12	111	50	11	102	56	14	103	99	98	40	56	14	14	100	100	57	55	14	14
Corydon " 1st Dist	20	17		17	18		18	15		21	15		18	19	17	10			17	17		18	17		19	15		19	15		20	14		19	19	19	14	14			17	18	15	14		
" " 2d "	21	6	1	22	4	1	25	2	1	27	1		25	26	3	3			26	2		25	4		25	3		26	2		25	3		25	25	25	3	3			25	25	3	3		
Eldred Borough	108	80	32	108	78	32	111	75	32	112	77	32	107	107	80	82	34	31	111	76	32	116	67	29	119	65	33	136	58	32	118	68	32	118	112	110	69	72	32	33	115	110	69	78	32	32
" Township	96	81	23	100	76	20	109	70	20	113	66	18	101	103	78	72	18	17	107	70	20	114	61	19	112	65	21	124	50	21	112	62	20	117	105	111	61	60	21	24	107	99	65	69	23	20
Foster " 1st Dist	67	67	5	69	62	6	68	62	7	77	57	6	66	66	67	64	6	6	71	59	6	72	60	6	71	60	6	70	60	6	71	62	6	75	68	71	62	60	7	6	66	66	67	58	7	7
" " 2d "	50	78	18	58	60	16	59	59	15	64	61	15	44	49	80	85	13	13	62	64	15	52	75	14	59	58	15	58	57	15	59	57	16	71	65	58	52	49	17	18	58	56	70	34	14	16
Hamilton " 1st "	80	50	31	101	33	23	105	20	21	121	15	17	120	107	34	19	14	15	91	54	15	110	23	17	116	18	16	116	20	17	124	10	15	121	121	122	20	16	14	13	121	121	16	16	15	15
" " 2d "	29	10	3	29	9	3	30	9	3	30	9	3	30	29	10	9	2	3	35	7	1	29	9	3	29	8	3	29	8	3	29	8	3	29	30	29	7	7	3	3	29	29	8	8	8	8
Hamlin " 1st "	164	34	4	163	32	4	167	27	4	166	27	5	166	165	28	27	3	4	163	33	3	161	34	5	165	24	5	167	30	4	160	25	5	169	165	164	28	24	4	4	164	164	26	27	4	4
" " 2d "	62	13	4	64	10	3	64	10	3	64	11	4	66	62	10	9	3	4	56	20	4	65	13	3	65	10	3	64	9	4	63	13	4	64	66	64	9	9	4	4	64	66	10	9	4	3
" " 3d "	67	52	15	68	45	17	73	39	15	82	34	10	75	70	40	38	16	17	45	74	10	58	41	32	76	36	10	76	34	18	33	92	6	75	87	71	43	85	15	22	73	74	34	40	15	17
Kane Borough, 1st Ward	92	91	11	102	73	12	108	65	12	111	64	12	135	108	86	40	6	8	113	61	12	108	68	12	112	55	11	106	61	10	108	59	10	115	108	153	50	24	7	6	110	108	54	55	10	11
" " 2d "	129	95	19	140	73	22	144	64	23	148	61	38	170	143	45	50	16	18	156	59	24	195	81	23	161	53	24	163	51	24	154	60	23	163	130	177	55	35	18	19	148	151	58	51	23	25
" " 3d "	84	61	18	99	44	18	104	37	16	101	23	33	132	101	37	26	10	13	112	33	20	90	47	20	111	32	19	110	31	19	107	35	20	116	109	128	34	20	18	18	110	100	37	21	25	21
" " 4th "	101	79	13	107	69	13	113	63	13	113	56	22	134	110	48	50	9	12	117	59	15	102	79	12	117	56	14	110	56	14	116	58	12	120	116	137	51	47	12	11	114	116	60	54	11	12
Keating Township, 1st Dist	59	85	1	66	71	1	65	68	1	67	72		67	65	71	70			75	64	1	52	87	3	78	62	1	76	60		74	63	2	70	51	63	61	98			60	67	61	81		
" " 2d "	88	49	10	87	42	11	89	39	11	91	38	13	73	72	52	66	9	8	80	87	11	80	47	12	93	80	15	91	80	11	87	34	14	90	84	86	50	33	10	10	70	78	29	71	8	10
" " 3d "	60	52	12	69	45	10	70	40	10	79	37	8	71	62	40	48	9	7	73	38	12	63	59	8	73	36	9	72	30	9	74	37	9	77	64	66	54	38	8	8	71	62	41	48	8	8
Lafayette " 1st "	30	52	5	30	49	5	38	48	5	41	45	5	30	30	48	47	5	5	38	48	5	30	47	5	38	48	5	37	47	5	39	46	5	41	39	40	42	40	5	5	39	39	46	46	5	5
" " 2d "	34	35	7	35	31	7	38	28	8	39	27	7	34	38	39	31	7	7	40	28	6	38	27	6	37	26	7	36	27	7	35	26	7	39	37	37	26	26	7	7	34	37	28	27	6	6
" " 3d "	45	27	2	47	24	2	50	22	2	50	24	2	40	45	29	26	2	2	50	23	3	50	24	2	49	24	2	50	22	2	48	25	2	50	49	46	23	26	3	2	50	50	23	21	2	2
Liberty Township	125	94	28	123	91	29	124	90	28	122	89	28	124	123	90	91	29	29	124	91	28	130	80	27	122	94	28	121	89	28	124	91	29	125	125	124	90	92	28	28	122	124	89	99	29	29
Mt. Jewett Borough	123	93	28	123	88	26	137	74	26	144	70	25	142	137	75	77	21	20	58	167	24	144	70	27	144	59	24	120	80	24	115	80	23	133	134	130	74	65	27	28	129	120	74	70	27	20
Norwich Township, 1st Dist.	69	48	8	75	37	8	78	32	10	80	30	10	78	77	35	34	8	7	77	36	7	68	47	9	85	20	6	84	38	8	84	37	8	80	78	77	45	30	6	6	78	78	31	30	7	6
" " 2d "	11	7		11	6		11	7		11	6		11	11	0	7			11	7		11	7		11	7		11	7		11	7		11	11	11	6	7			11	11	7	7		
Otto " 1st "	89	62	6	86	75	6	85	78	8	100	62	6	85	84	78	78	8	6	89	67	10	95	64	10	95	64	10	90	63	8	90	60	8	97	93	90	75	63	7	7	93	94	63	65	8	8
" " 2d "	37	54	24	80	46	25	40	49	25	46	39	22	36	35	56	59	23	18	40	44	25	44	39	24	41	40	25	42	37	27	49	40	25	48	43	43	41	35	20	20	39	40	47	45	26	24
Port Allegany Boro	154	157	37	162	141	40	167	135	40	182	120	39	172	170	137	128	38	39	165	139	41	141	101	39	182	170	30	174	126	41	172	130	41	171	178	158	128	135	38	39	179	168	125	129	39	39
Sergeant Township, 1st Dist.	76	52		78	41		77	42		79	44		72	74	45	49			77	45		100	26		80	30		77	38		77	39		80	58	52	23	91		1	69	73	41	35		
" " 2d "	19	23	2	17	18	2	16	15	2	17	16	1	21	17	10	15	1	1	7	31	1	10	22	1	20	14	1	17	15	1	18	18	2	17	17	23	13	15	1	1	20	17	15	15		
Smethport Boro	228	162	14	244	140	14	259	124	15	271	117	14	250	205	120	114	12	14	270	111	13	208	120	11	205	84	12	208	81	8	213	78	10	201	168	250	249	89	5	8	258	270	98	120	10	8
Wetmore Township, 1st Dist.	70	48	6	76	31	6	81	27	6	74	31	10	91	81	24	23	5	6	87	25	6	74	23	8	86	22	7	86	20	6	84	21	9	89	90	97	17	15	6	5	82	84	10	20	6	6
" " 2d "	54	20	8	59	17	6	60	17	4	58	18	7	67	60	12	13	4	5	61	14	6	55	10	6	60	14	5	61	10	4	60	15	4	63	62	68	15	12	4	4	59	60	16	15	4	4
Totals	3908	3596	524	4161	3178	509	4801	2939	519	4848	2526	587	4248	4220	3210	3051	459	457	4898	2974	507	4948	3180	536	4600	2634	400	4588	2508	504	4518	2704	514	4885	4908	4505	2811	2509	504	505	4486	4401	2008	2665	524	525
Pluralities	319			973			1870			2329			1038	1010					1410			1104			1982			1804			1809				1806	1078	260				1771	1780	8			

THE DEALER'S STORY

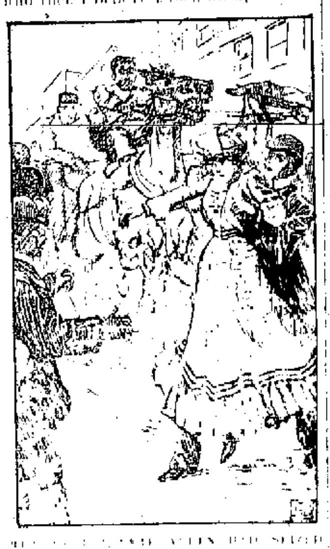
By R. O. Ackley

Copyright, 1901, by R. O. Ackley

It was one cold night just two years ago that I first noticed him. I didn't learn his name until later. I was dealing roulette at that table over there, the same as now, and had had a hard day of it—a lot of plungers playing the limit, scattering bets all over the table, and the worst of it the bank was losing all the time.

Well, the crowd had pretty well thinned out. It was along toward morning when in walked a young fellow and staked a big bet. He was well dressed, tall and slim and fine looking any way you'd take him, but I could see by his face and by the way he handled the chips that he was in some kind of trouble. We get so we can read a face pretty accurately—it's part of our business—and I felt certain when I first looked at that young man that his closet contained a pretty big skeleton of some kind.

He played for a couple of hours, scattering chips all over the table, never counting a bet, and half the time he would have played against himself if I hadn't interfered. What's that? No, sir. I can't sit and see a man place bets that are bound to lose for him, and then I believe I took an interest in



[illegible] ALLEN HAD SEIZED [illegible] BY THE WAIST.

[illegible] wanted [illegible] Nothing [illegible] he played he didn't seem able to lose.

After that he dropped in pretty regularly [illegible] in the same listless way [illegible] part of it [illegible]

[illegible] was about six [illegible] saw it much each day [illegible] some fresh indication of the fast life he was leading. And it [illegible] me a good deal. Not that it's [illegible] in this business to see a young fellow going down the line, but somehow this young man seemed different. Just slipping along so quiet like, down, down, all the time. The worst of it was he seemed to realize it himself, but didn't care, and then any one could see that he wasn't made for that kind of life.

He had always come in alone, and one night I was surprised to see that he was accompanied by a young man about his own age. They both came over to my table and bought a stack of chips. For some time they played in silence; then the stranger said abruptly, "By the way, Allen, I heard something the other day about that pretty Bernice Arthur you used to be so intimate with."

Allen's face turned a shade whiter, but he answered quietly enough, "What is it?"

"You haven't heard? She's to marry a fellow by the name of Franklin—immensely rich, they say. The wedding takes place this fall."

Allen's face had grown as white as chalk, and his hand trembled as he suddenly pushed his whole stack of chips over on the red. I spun the wheel, and he lost. And when he lost that bet, sir, although I'm not very superstitious, I felt sure his luck would change for the worse, and it did. Moreover, from that on there was a marked change in the man. He was dissipating more than ever.

It was the last night of the carnival—they hold a street carnival here every fall. The play had been pretty heavy all day, but about 8 o'clock, when the crowd had thinned out, Allen walked in. He laid a $100 bill on the black and in a low voice said: "My last dollar. Black I live. Red—well, why not? Chance has decided the fate of far greater things."

I rolled the wheel. The little ball rolled around the groove. We both watched it in breathless silence. Knowing the man as I did, I felt sure his life hung on the chance. He had come to the end of his rope and staked all. Suddenly and with a sharp click the little ball struck the diamond, bounded and rolled off, struck again, then glided into the black, only to be thrown out again, roll partly around the wheel, then settle down, "Twenty-one, red." He had lost!

For a moment he stood there, looking straight ahead, then, with a laugh, turned and walked down the stairs.

In my life I have played for some pretty high stakes, but never before have I rolled the wheel when I thought a human life was at stake. I followed him, resolved if possible to prevent his doing himself any harm. The streets were brilliantly lighted—a procession of gayly decorated floats was passing. Every one was merry. But Allen walked on, to all appearances unconscious of his surroundings.

Suddenly a squad of mounted officers dashed up. "Stand back!" they cried, forcing the people on to the sidewalk. By this time I found myself standing next to Allen. Our way was blocked by the crowd, so we stepped forward to the curb. Down the street the city fire department—hose cart and all—was coming at full speed, making an exhibition run.

Suddenly a slim, girlish figure darted forward directly in the path of the oncoming team. The next instant Allen had dashed forward, seized the girl by the waist, lifted her bodily and tossed her full into the arms of the startled crowd.

One second Allen stood there, a smile on his lips, looking square at the oncoming horses.

"Jump!" I cried, but he did not move. The crowd held its breath. Then the plunging horses were upon him. When they picked him up a moment later, a mangled, bloody form, he was unconscious, but still alive.

The following morning the papers contained a full account of the disaster. Allen was still alive, but in a very precarious condition. The name of the young lady was Miss Bernice Arthur, and Allen's fatal pause after saving the girl was ascribed to momentary confusion.

"Miss Arthur," it was further stated, "had suffered no injuries and when seen by a reporter was apparently as well as usual. Acting on the impulse of the moment, she had started to cross the street, not seeing the approaching fire team until so unceremoniously hurled from her perilous situation."

On the society page appeared a notice of the postponement of Miss Arthur's marriage, which was to have taken place the following day. The reason assigned was the unsettled condition of Miss Arthur's nerves, due to her narrow escape.

I visited the hospital, but could not see the patient. His life could be saved, but he would be a cripple for life.

I didn't call again until I learned by the paper that Mr. Allen was able to receive visitors. Then I was rather afraid he would not care to see me, but he seemed glad to have me there. He was sitting propped up in a chair, looking pale and thin, but remarkably happy. Around the room were arranged several bouquets of fresh cut flowers. The way they were arranged was what first caught my attention. A touch here and there that makes the plainest kind of a room take on the appearance of a home, and that touch, sir, could only be given by the hand of a loving woman.

We chatted on different unimportant subjects [illegible] he pulled out his hand and, with a smile, said: "You remember the last bet I made? Well, I think chance decided in my favor after all."

I didn't know what he meant just then, but when I came down the stairs I met Miss Arthur just going up her arms full of flowers. Then I understood.

Yes, sir, he married her, though most people say that she married him. At least, as the story goes, she proposed. If you're watching out this window about 4 o'clock you'll see them drive by. He can't walk a step, you know.

Smoking a Narghile.

"The narghile is the best instrument to smoke tobacco through, provided you use it in the right way," said a man who knows. "Most people use it in the wrong way. They load it with tobacco and light it with a match as though it was a pipe they were smoking. This is incorrect, and the narghile, so abused, has an abominable taste and odor. The right way to use the narghile is first to dip your tobacco in water, squeeze the water out and place the soaked, damp mass in the pipe bowl. Then you take a lump of burning charcoal and set it on the top of the wet tobacco and begin to smoke. The tobacco itself, you see, is not really alight; it's the charcoal that's alight; it is the burning charcoal that eats the tobacco up. This is the secret of narghile smoking. And a narghile, smoked properly, is delicious—makes, in fact, the very best smoke in the world."—Philadelphia Record.

Her Great Fault.

A Georgia citizen recently said that while riding out from Savannah on horseback he saw a typical southern matron outside a whitewashed cabin, while on the lawn in front a bevy of young colored children were playing. There were eight of them altogether, seven of their number being very, very dark, while the eighth one was light complexioned.

"You've got some fine looking children there, auntie," he said.

"Deed I hab, boss," she replied. "Dere ain't any better pickaninnies in de whole state of Georgia den dat first seben, but dat eighth one, dat mulatto, she done make me more trouble dan de whole oder seben put togedder."

"In what way?" I asked. And she replied:

"'Cause she done show dirt so easy!"

Chased and Refined.

At a recent police court sitting a man was fined 40 shillings and costs for assaulting a policeman. Considering himself a much injured man, on reaching the door he began abusing the magistrate in very violent language. The magistrate sent an officer after him, and the delinquent found himself once more in the dock and fined again for contempt of court.

"My man, if you had been more chaste and refined in your language," said the magistrate, "you would not have been chased and re-fined."—London Tit-Bits.

How Goshawks Are Treated.

A French traveler [illegible] that the goshawk is still used in Persia in hunting the gazelle and [illegible] is trained to feed on the [illegible] eyes by placing its [illegible] eyeballs of a stuffed [illegible] when used in the [illegible] stops its victim by [illegible] horribly cruel form of sport.

A Lovers' Quarrel.

"Hallo, Fitzy! where did you get that black eye?"

"Oh, it was only a lovers' quarrel."

"Lovers' quarrel! Why, your girl did not give you that, did she?"

"No; it was her other lover."

"BREAD UPON THE WATERS"

By HOWARD WILLIAMS

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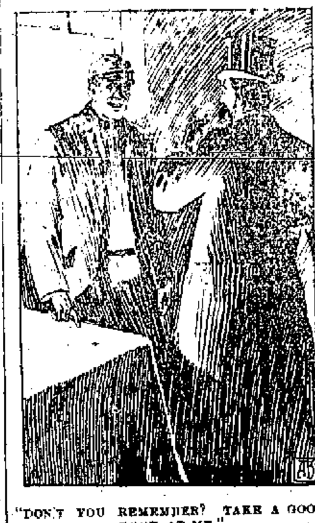
John Nash, retired manufacturer, sixty-five years old and supposed to be still in possession of all his senses, did a most foolish thing. I had been his lawyer for six or eight years, but without asking a word of advice he fell into the hands of a sharper. When he was approached by a promoter who was striving to float a gold mine in a South American state and needed the influence of his name, the old man was flattered and listened to the vow of the tempter. The sharper pretended that he did not want any money from Nash. The name of John Nash on a prospectus as an investor and shareholder would be a guaranty to others. His first aim, of course, was to convince the old man that the mine in question was a good thing. He did this by lies, forged reports and false documents. This duplicity could have been exposed and the swindler sent about his business had Nash come to me or any other lawyer, but he determined to act on his own judgment.

In order to give matters a business look, as he put it, the promoter, whose name was Philbrick, passed over 10,000 shares to Nash at $5 per share and in return required a promissory note due in six months. Then an agreement was drawn up to the effect that the notes should be invalid. This was to blind other investors. In plain words, John Nash sold his name for these shares and was assured over and over again that his annual dividends would amount to at least 100 per cent. By this explicit statement I have published my client not only as a fool, but as the willing confederate of a swindler, yet I have had to give facts to make my story clear.

Nash was made to believe that no one else would suffer if he got his stock gratis. The agreement was of course made out in duplicate, and the old man deposited his copy in the safe. [illegible]



"DON'T YOU REMEMBER? TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT ME."

ment. In a word, the old man had been flimflammed. It was then he came to me to help him out of his trouble.

That Philbrick was a plotting rascal needed no assurance. It was a put up job from beginning to end to raise a stake at the expense of the old man. You may say that as the affair was a "plant" and a swindle it would not hold in law, but unfortunately it was a legal transaction. Philbrick did have a mine. No matter if it was not worth a cent, the old man had taken shares and given his note. He might plead that there had been a written agreement, but where was his copy? If he said it had been mislaid or stolen, that was no excuse. As a matter of fact, if he referred to the agreement at all he would be convicting himself of having engaged in a swindle on the public.

Philbrick had him fast, and there were but two plans open to me. The first was to bluff Philbrick and the second to settle on the best terms securable. I at once sent for him and tried a bluff. It was no go. He defied me and laughed at me. As to a compromise, he would make none. He wanted $50,000 or nothing. The note would be banked at maturity and if not paid would be protested and sued. If his mine was not the Golconda he had hoped for, that was no crime on his part. If it was a dead swindle, as I contended, then my client had stood in with him, and the public should learn the fact. Mr. Philbrick clearly had the best of us.

One night a week before the notes were to be presented for payment I returned from a late supper to find a strange man in my bachelor apartment. He had effected entrance by the fire escape. There was not much worth stealing, but the fellow was about to take his departure with some clothing and bric-a-brac when I walked in on him. There was a tableau for a minute. Both were too surprised to move or speak. The stranger was the first to recover, and he called out:

"Well, I'll be hanged! Say, now, if I'd known it was you I'd have kept clear of the place. You bet your life you're the last man I'd want to rob."

"So you are here to rob me?" I said as I looked him over.

"It looks like it, eh?" he laughed as he pointed to the bundle. "Say, it's all a mistake, an' I'm sorry."

"Who are you?"

"Don't you remember? Take a good look at me. Lord, but you did melt the jury in that speech of yours!"

"You are Jimmy—Jimmy"—

"Jimmy Blakesly, an' they'd have given me at least five years in the jug if you hadn't handled my case so well. I paid you for it all right, but I've always had a feelin' of gratitude over the way you talked to the jury about my old mother an' because of the tears you shed. You worked the emotion racket till you had the crowd cryin'."

Five years before I had defended Jimmy Blakesly on the charge of burglary and got him off. If the press was unanimous in saying that he ought to have been sent to prison, that is not my affair.

"And in return for the emotion, as you call it, you come here to rob me," I said, sitting down.

"But I told you it was all a mistake. How was I to know you lived here? Don't make the mistake of thinkin' Jimmy Blakesly's a duffer. I'll just put everything back as I found 'em an' say good night, an' we'll let it go at that. What's the matter, governor? You're lookin' worried!"

You will think it a curious thing that I did, and I agree with you. Although I had caught Jimmy red handed, the idea of giving him over to the law never occurred to me. I was worried over the Nash case and felt like talking to some one, so I invited the fellow to sit down and told him all about it. He caught on in great shape, and when I had given him all the points he said:

"Why, governor, the old man ought to be in a crazy house. That mine sharper has got him dead to rights. No such case as mine was no chance to work in a poor old mother on a jury, no tears ner emotion. You haven't one chance in a hundred."

"Not one in a thousand."

"That is unless"—

"Unless what?" I asked.

"Dunno, but—but if you'll excuse me, governor, I think there's a little business waitin' for me down street. On the square, I didn't know this was your joint. So long."

He took his departure by the door instead of the fire escape, leaving me dazed and speechless. Next morning I was an hour late at the office, and on my desk I found a large envelope which had come by messenger. It contained not only the copy of the agreement that had been filched from Nash, but his promissory note for $50,000. The afternoon papers came out with glaring headlines. Philbrick's office had been visited the night previous, his safe broken open and valuable papers carried away. Nash was never called upon to pay for his worthless stock, and I have not seen Jimmy Blakesly since that night. [illegible]

A High Toned Janitor.

Cleaning anything was apparently the last item of the janitor of Dane hall, Cambridge. This functionary for a generation or more was an extraordinary specimen named Sweetman. Born and bred for a parish priest in Ireland, he had come to this country and fallen upon evil days, being glad to get a job at street digging. President Quincy, passing one day, was amazed to see a red head emerge from a trench and quote in excellent Latin the lines from the "Bucolics" concerning the pleasures of the husbandman. He took the orator into his own service, but, finding him perhaps too much of a handful, turned him over to the law school. Here he became an autocrat. His professional duties, as popularly understood, he limited to opening the doors in the morning and locking them at night. He was deeply aggrieved if asked even to replace library books left on the tables and, seizing on the maxim so frequently used in torts, modified it to suit his own purposes thus: "Sic utere libris ut me non lædas." But he invented other and higher duties. He attended all the lectures and subsequently gave the speaker the benefit of his criticism on both delivery and doctrine. He exercised a general supervision over all matters connected with the school and in his later years became a terror to every one in or near it.—Samuel F. Batchelder in Atlantic.

Mind Your Own Business.

An old custom once prevailed in a remote place of giving a clock to any one who would truthfully swear that he had minded his own business alone for a year and a day and had not meddled with his neighbors. Many came, but few if any gained the prize, which was more difficult to win than the Dunmow flitch of bacon. Though they swore on the four gospels and held out their hands in certain hope, some hitch was sure to be found somewhere, and for all their asseverations the clock remained stationary on the shelf, no one being able to prove his absolute immunity from uncalled for interference in things not in any way concerning himself.

At last a young man came with a perfectly clear record, and the clock seemed as if it was at last about to change owners. Then said the custodian, "Oh, a young man was here yesterday and made mighty sure he was going to have the clock, but he didn't." And why didn't he get it?" "What's that to you?" snapped the custodian. "That's not your business, and—you don't get the clock."

Truth.

Truth is always consistent with itself and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, sits upon our lips and is ready to drop out before we are aware. A lie is troublesome and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

He Understood Human Nature.

Editor Bazoo Bugle—Go a little easy on Colonel Gore this week. In fact, I think we'd better try to—er—smooth matters over somewhat.

Assistant—Has he made any threat?

Editor—No; he hasn't said a word. That's what worries me.—New York Weekly.

Geography With a Revolver.

"While I was dining at a London club," said a traveler, "I heard a San Francisco man tell a fairy tale about revolver practice in the west that was swallowed without a whimper by our credulous hosts. It started by his being asked if it was true that all westerners were natural marksmen.

"'Not all,' answered the man from the Pacific slope. 'Shooting, you know, is taught in our public schools.'

"'Indeed?' returned the Britisher. 'And how do you proceed with such instruction?'

"'The teachers combine revolver practice with geography,' calmly explained the cheerful liar. 'You see, they have a big map of the world hung on a schoolroom wall, and in the lower classes a small boy is asked to locate England on the map. The boy doesn't say anything, but just draws his six shooter and puts a bullet in the middle of England or any other country that happens to be asked for.

"'Among the more advanced classes the scholars are required to pick out the cities and towns as well. If any one fails to puncture the right spot on the map, it's a sign he doesn't know his geography; that's all.'"—New York Times.

He Wasn't Fooled.

A good story has recently been revived of a once famous publisher. He was a man well acquainted with general literature, and it was often said of him that he never failed to name the author of any given passage. A would be wit, thinking to have a little fun at this gentleman's expense, told his friends at a dinner party before the said publisher's arrival that he had himself written some verses in imitation of Southey, and that he intended to puzzle old F—— with the question of their authorship.

Accordingly, later in the evening the wag quoted his lines and, turning to Mr. F——, he said: "I am sure they are Southey's from their style, but I cannot remember where they occur. Of course you can tell us?"

"I cannot say I remember them," replied Mr. F——, "but there are only two periods in Southey's life when he could have written them."

"When were those?" asked the joker, with a wink at his friends.

"Either in his infancy or his dotage," was the quiet reply.

No Need For Haste.

A gentleman who had business in a small town "out west" had ordered some important letters sent there, and on his arrival went to the postoffice to inquire for them.

"No letters here for you," said the postmaster.

"They ought to have been here yesterday."

"Couldn't have got here yesterday, 'cause Brown who carries the mail was drunk and didn't go over [illegible] till it."

"And how about today?"

"Well, he's sober enough today, but his old woman has cut her foot."

"But there will be mail tomorrow?"

"Skassly, sir. We don't have any mail on Thursdays."

"Then how about next day?"

"Friday is sort of off day with the [illegible] postmaster, and he generally goes fishing. If he don't, he sends the boy over. I never count on it, however."

"You seem to have a slipshod way of running postal affairs out in this country."

"Waal, I dunno but we have," he admitted, as he looked over the top of his spectacles, "but as long as nobody but Uncle Bill Simpson ever gets any mail, and that's only a circular about how to kill cockroaches, we kinder take things easy and let the United States run along without busting her b'iler."—Baltimore Herald.

The First Steam Cruiser.

It is generally known that the first steam driven vessel to cross the Atlantic was built in Canada. The information is not so general, however, that this same craft was subsequently converted into a cruiser and was the first steamship engaged in actual war.

The facts in the case are stated in "Johnson's Alphabet of First Things In Canada." The ship was the Royal William. She was built at the Cove, Quebec, in the winter of 1830-31 and during the season of 1832-33 plied between Quebec and Halifax. In the latter season she was sent to London and there chartered by the Portuguese government to transport troops intended for the service of the late Dom Pedro to Brazil. Returning to London, she was sold to the Spanish government, by the latter converted into a cruiser and employed against Don Carlos in the civil war of 1836, thus being the first steamer to fire a hostile shot.

The Original Wedding Cake.

Our wedding cake is the remains of a custom whereby a Roman bride held in her left hand three wheat ears, and many centuries later an English bride wore on her head a chaplet of wheat. The attendant girls threw corn, either in grains or in small bits of biscuit or cake, upon the heads of the newly married couple, and the guests picked up the pieces and ate them. Such was the beginning of the wedding cake, which did not come into general use until the eighteenth century and was then composed of solid blocks laid together and iced all over with sugar, so that when the outer crust was broken over the bride's head the cakes inside fell on the floor, and they were then distributed among the company.

Unparalleled Generosity.

Town Councilor—Have you heard, Mr. Skinflint, that our generous townsman, Mr. Muller, is defraying the cost of a new promenade all round the town? We think a wealthy man like yourself might also do something for us.

Skinflint—Well, what do you say to my giving you a park of oak trees?

Town Councilor—Oh, you noble hearted philanthropist! Why, do you really mean to—

Skinflint—Yes, yes; I'll make the town a present of an oak forest. You have only to find the land, and I will supply you with as many acorns as you may want for seed.—Chronik der Zeit.

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IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

Palmer & Dodge,
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc, Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.
March 1. 1900

LIEBIG'S

PEPTONIZED EXTRACT OF MALT.

A Pleasant and Valuable Tonic.

Barley and Hops.

LIEBIG'S MALT EXTRACT
LIEBIG
LIEBIG MALT EXTRACT CO.

Just what you want for Lost Appetite.

Builds up the System.

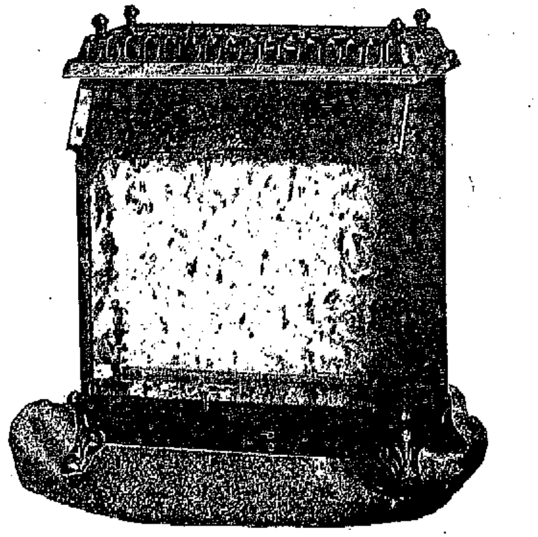
Perfectly Pure and Extremely Agreeable.

None better for invalids.

20 Cents per Bottle or $2.00 per Dozen.

J. W. Voorhees

Palace Pharmacy SMETHPORT, PA.



There are 66 Gas Ranges and Heaters on our floor including the following well known makes: Triple Effect, American Beauty, Fortune, Monarch, Jewett, Jewel, Lawrence, Taylor Burner, Highland, New Process, Ideal, Real Economy and Direct Action, at prices ranging from $1.50 to $50. It might pay you to call.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 13, 1902.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Bradford has a case of diphtheria.

—Note the carpet specials offered in the advertisement of Bell Bros.

—A Council of Knights of Columbus was instituted in Kane on Sunday last.

—Born, on Thursday, Nov. 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Perry of Clermont, a son.

—The girl with the big hat seems to be all head until you begin to talk with her.

—Fry & Herzog have a timely talk on "Fall Wants" in their advertisement this week.

—Warner's Business College at Bradford has more calls for young men stenographers than it can fill.

—There will be an oyster supper at the Union church, East Smethport, Saturday evening. All are invited.

—Mrs. Shultz would feel very grateful if the party who borrowed her umbrella would return same to the Wright House.

—Bradford Typographical Union No. 185, will give its 18th annual ball on Thanksgiving evening, Thursday, November 27.

—The Bradford High School football team defeated the Ridgway eleven at the latter place last Saturday by a score of 11 to 5.

—At the election on Tuesday of last week the citizens of Port Allegany decided to bond that borough for $3,700 for sewerage purposes.

—Notwithstanding its overwhelming defeat on election day, the Bradford Record continues to publish "bonds" in most atrocious rhyme on its first page.

—The contract for building the new opera house has been let to B. U. Taylor of Olean, which is sufficient guarantee that the work will be quickly and well done.

—Gaskin & Grant are daily enlarging their stock and are prepared to satisfactorily cater to the wants of their many customers. Read their new advertisement.

—In the list of patents granted this week, reported by C. A. Snow & Co., patent attorneys, Washingtgn, D. C., appears the name of A. Benson, of Bradford for sand-reel for oil or artesian wells.

—Atty. H. C. Dornan of Coudersport, who was injured in a collision between a train and an omnibus, mention of which was made last week, has been compelled to undergo amputation of the left leg as a result of the accident.

—The big football games last Saturday resulted as follows: Harvard 11, University of Pennsylvania 0; Yale 36, Bucknell 5; Cornell 50, Washington and Jefferson 0; Brown 28, Columbia 0; Michigan 107, Iowa 0.

—On December 1, two additional rural free delivery routes will be started at Eldred, McKean county, Pa., with two carriers. The routes embrace an area of 20 square miles, containing a population of 550. The postoffices at Indian Creek, Almo, Sartwell and Phalin are to be discontinued.

—Prof. Paul C. Koenig, of Germany, who conducts a German and French class in Port Allegany, intends to organize a class in Coudersport in both languages. Mr. Koenig will be here Saturday Nov. 8th, and people who are interested may kindly see Mr. Koenig at the Hotel Crittenden.—Potter Journal.

—The fellow who for some time past has been following girls and ladies about the streets at night and using insulting language to them, had best take warning before his detestable carcass becomes a receptacle for a storm of leaden hail from a justly infuriated husband or brother. Characters of this description have no place in a respectable community. He better move.—Port Allegany Argus.

—A subscriber once got a dun through the postoffice and it made him mad. He went to see the editor about it and the editor showed him a few duns of his own; one for paper, one for type, one for fuel and several others. "Now," said the editor, "I didn't get mad when these came because I knew that all I had to do was to ask several reliable men like you to come in and help me out then I could settle all of them." When the subscriber saw how it was he relented and renewed."—Ex.

Why Suffer With Your Kidneys?

The discovery of Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Kidney Tablets has proved a blessing to thousands of kidney sufferers who have been restored to perfect health. These tablets drive the kidney disease germs out of the blood and prevent accumulation of uric acid in the system. We urge all sufferers to give this successful and scientific kidney remedy a trial. They come in two sizes, 25 and 50 cents. Come and get a trial treatment free at J. W. Voorhees.

Cure Your Catarrh Now.

V. Van Dorn, 2011 Avenue B, Birmingham, Ala., writes: "I have had catarrh in one of the worst forms for 20 years, and after using Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Inhaler for two days feel entirely relieved and believe by its continued use I will get cured." Sold at 50 cents on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

I have the agency for the best gas range on the market. In fact it is the only perfect gas range on the market. It is the one "that makes the others look sick." Call and see it before buying anything else and you will have nothing else.

J. C. HAMLIN.

Correspondence.

LARABEE.

On Thursday, Nov. 6, at Sartwell, Rev. Father Donahue performed the ceremony that united in matrimony Miss Anna Ryan of Turtle Point and Mr. Frank Sherburne of Smethport.

The bride was gowned in a fawn colored traveling suit and the groom in conventional black.

After the wedding a sumptuous repast was served at the home of the bride's parents, at which about twenty invited guests did ample justice.

There were many useful, beautiful and expensive presents. The happy couple took the afternoon flyer at Port Allegany for Buffalo, followed by the best wishes of their many friends.

ANNIN CREEK.

Married, at Sartwell, Thursday, Miss Anna Ryan of this place and Mr. Frank Sherburne of Smethport. Mr. and Mrs. Sherburne will make their future home in Smethport.

Mr. and Mrs. Arch Holcomb of Bell Run were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Milo Evans over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Foote passed through this place Sunday enroute to Bell Run.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Holcomb drove to Coryville Sunday.

Grit in the Eye.

A useful hint was given the other day by a physician who removed a piece of grit from a patient's eye. The accident had occurred at the beginning of a railway journey lasting some hours. "Another time when you are troubled with a grit in the eye," said the doctor, "don't attempt to rub it out, but just cover the eye with your hand to keep it closed and blink away as hard as you can with the other till the grit is dislodged. This hint was given to me by a commercial traveler and how it acts is more than I can tell you, but it does, and that is all that matters to the sufferer."

She Knew.

Mrs. Hayfork (in country postoffice)—Anything for me?

Postmaster—I don't see nothin'.

Mrs. Hayfork—I was expectin' a letter or postcard from Aunt Sally tellin' what day she was comin'.

Rural Postmaster (calling to his wife)—Did you see a postcard from Mrs. Hayfork's Aunt Sally?

His Wife—Yes. She's comin' on Thursday.

Tabooed the Union.

"I—I have come," he began, addressing her father, "to—to suggest to you that a union of our families would—"

"I'm not in favor of unions," the testy old captain of industry interrupted, "and I will not submit the matter to arbitration. Good morning."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Labouchere's Sarcasm.

Of Gladstone Henry Labouchere once remarked: "I do not object to Mr. Gladstone occasionally having an ace up his sleeve, but I do wish he would not always say that Providence put it there."

Many a man who goes through life deploring the fact that he is misunderstood ought to be thankful that such is the case.—Chicago News.

Bad Taste in the Mouth

When you get up in the morning with a coated tongue and a bad taste in the mouth, you may or may not be seriously ill, but if there is any disease going, you will catch it.

Even though you "catch" no definite disease, you are likely to be worse before you are better unless you attend to yourself.

We know what you think—first you are half persuaded to try Vinol, and then you say to yourself: "That's the same story all the medicines tell; we've heard it before."

But Vinol is not like other medicines. If it were, we shouldn't be talking about it.

Vinol is not a secret medicine.

Any doctor will tell you that cod liver oil (the principal ingredient in Vinol), has been the recognized standard tonic and body-builder for three hundred years, and would be to-day except that the old kind tastes so bad folks won't and can't take it.

Vinol is made by a remarkable chemical process which cuts out the grease and bad taste and leaves all the medicinal qualities of cod liver oil intensified.

We will pay back your money if it doesn't help you.

J. W. VOORHEES,

DRUGGIST.

STERLING WHITE LEAD

Is the Most Durable Paint.

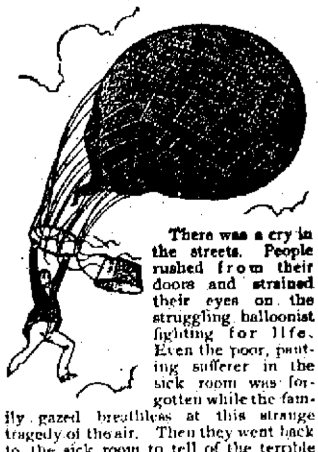
MADE BY OLD DUTCH PROCESS.

The STERLING works are the only ones in the world making their own spent tan.

BARK PEELERS or parties having bark for sale are requested to communicate with

STERLING WHITE LEAD CO.

Empire Building. Pittsburgh



There was a cry in the streets. People rushed from their doors and strained their eyes on the struggling balloonist fighting for life. Even the poor, panting sufferer in the sick room was forgotten while the family gazed breathless at this strange tragedy of the air. Then they went back to the sick room to tell of the terrible struggle for life they had just witnessed. It did not occur to them that under their very eyes a more terrible, more pathetic struggle was going on daily.

There can be nothing more pitiful than the struggle the consumptive makes against disease. The greatest help in this struggle is gained by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures obstinate coughs, weak and bleeding lungs, emaciation, and other ailments which if neglected or unskillfully treated find a fatal termination in consumption.

"In 1898 one of my daughters was suffering on account of a severe cough, hectic fever, wasting of flesh and other symptoms of diseased lungs," writes Rev. Joseph H. Fesperman, of Barium Springs, Iredell Co., N. C. "I promptly gave her Dr. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery with gratifying success, and she now enjoys excellent health. This being true, I hereby heartily endorse your medicines."

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" for diseases of the stomach, blood and lungs.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets assist the action of the "Discovery."

THE FAMOUS.

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.

No Man

can afford to buy an Overcoat or a Suit without first looking through our splendid stock. When you buy a suit or overcoat here you pay an honest price for quality and workmanship.

$10 and $12.

will buy either Suit or Overcoat that has the same style and smart appearance and is

As Good

as the more expensive kind of other stores. Constantly bear in mind you get here

Your Money's Worth or

Your Money Back.

Wm. Monheimer.

Rain and sweat have no effect on harness treated with Eureka Harness Oil. It resists the damp, keeps the leather soft and pliable. Stitches do not break. No rough surface to chafe and cut. The harness not only keeps looking like new, but wears twice as long by the use of Eureka Harness Oil.

EUREKA HARNESS OIL

Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes. Made by Standard Oil Company

CLERKS!

Employers don't repose confidence in spendthrift employees—Save your money and become independent—an employer instead of an employee. You can bank by mail. Write us about it.

Established 1862. $12,000,000 Deposits. 30,000 Depositors. 4 per cent. Interest.

Mention this paper when writing, and we'll mail you a valuable booklet on Money Saving.

PITTSBURGH BANK FOR SAVINGS

Smithfield St. & Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,

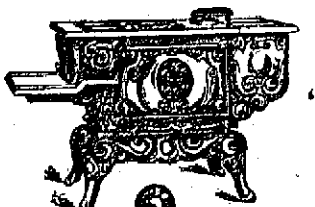
Smethport, Pa.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of William A. Green, late of the township of Keating, McKean county, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to George H. Denning, residing in Smethport borough, said county and State, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment at once, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

GEORGE H. DENNING,
Administrator.

Smethport, Pa., Oct. 23, 1902.



"What We Know About Stoves"

in general and Jewels in particular, only makes it surer that popular

JEWEL

Stoves and Ranges Lead the Procession

We recommend Jewels because we know and trust them. They last and save fuel, and besides

Cost No More

Than Common Stoves

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,

Smethport, Pa.

JEWEL STOVES AND RANGES

DETROIT STOVE WORKS

LARGEST STOVE PLANT IN THE WORLD

New Store, New Goods, New Prices, New Proprietors.

We are now prepared to do business in an up-to-date way.

Goods promptly delivered in any part of the borough, or at any reasonable distance in the country. Farm produce taken in exchange for groceries at market price.

All goods and prices guaranteed. We do not propose to be undersold.

Yours to please,

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FOR THE FAMILY.

I have just opened my wholesale liquor store in the Reilly Block and am in position to supply the leading brands of

Wines and Liquors

for family and medicinal use. All goods are guaranteed strictly pure.

A. J. Warshofsky,

Reilly Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

KODAKS AND KODAK SUPPLIES.

We are agents for Eastman's Kodaks in this section. Our prices are as low as anywhere.

McCoy's Drug Store,

SMETHPORT, PA. NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. Specht & Sasse.

Brasted's Delicious Candies

For the Summer Trade.

New Winter Millinery

At our store you will find all the new shapes and latest styles in new winter millinery and novelties.

A full line of children's bonnets and cloaks in the most popular colors and material.

Also flannelette and muslin night-gowns, wrappers, dressing sacques, underwear, waists, skirts, etc.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Gaskin & Grant.

NEWS STAND.

Cigars, Tobacco, Nuts & Candies

Fruits and Vegetables in season.

We have in stock an elegant line of Stationery. Call and see it.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms $1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Your own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport Thursday, Nov. 13, 1902.

DAVID B. HILL is reported to have "a trust policy" which will be suggested to Congress. But the people would not trust any "trust" policy that Mr. Hill favored.—Philadelphia Press.

WE congratulate the voters of Potter county on their wisdom in selecting John Ormerod as President Judge of that county. A better choice could not have been made. The Republicans of Potter did nobly all along the line.

WITH regret we learn of the defeat of Brother Mullin of the Emporium Press for Member of Assembly by a measly little plurality of 79. Cameron county should be ashamed of herself. But newspaper men are never appreciated until they are dead.

COUNT BONIFACE CASTELLANE, commonly known as "Boni," husband of Anna Gould, has lost his seat in the French Chamber of Deputies. That body, after an exciting debate, voted 278 to 235 to invalidate his election from the district of the Lower Alps.

THE official vote makes one change in the ticket elected from that reported last week. John P. Devlin is the Democratic county auditor instead of A. R. Cory. The official vote gives Devlin three more votes than Cory, while the unofficial showed Cory to be 124 ahead of his running mate.

IT is considered a probability that John Mitchell will be made president of the American Federation of Labor to succeed Samuel Gompers. Mitchell would strengthen the Federation and [illegible] business [illegible]. Mitchell is easily the most successful labor [illegible] in the world.—Bradford Era.

[illegible]

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10, 1902.

Anxiety, consternation and exultation have characterized the sentiment in administration circles in Washington during the past week and when on Saturday, Representatives Babcock and Overstreet called at the White House, they met with a reception from the President which enthused every onlooker. Mr. Roosevelt congratulated them in the warmest terms on the able manner in which they had conducted the campaign and it is rumored that Mr. Overstreet whispered to the President that the speakership of the House would be an appropriate reward for his colleague's able management of five successive campaigns. At least, Mr. Overstreet expressed that opinion later to the newspaper men in the ante-chamber.

The din of the election battle had not died away when the skirmish guns of a new contest were heard in Washington. This contest has for its end the speakership of the Fifty-eighth Congress. Representative Dalzell of Pennsylvania has come to Washington and announced his candidacy. He is known as a high protectionist and, in view of the alleged Iowa defection, and the tariff revision sentiment in certain sections of the West, he believes that the "stand pat" men will find it to their interest to combine on a man who is known to be sound on the tariff question. It is frankly stated around the White House that there will be no tariff revision in the immediate future and that even the President's recommendation of a bi-partisan tariff commission, previously outlined in these letters, will not mean tariff revision, but merely a board competent to listen to complaints and advise Congress should revision become necessary.

Representative Dalzell, in announcing himself a candidate for the speakership, speaks like a man who has heard a voice. He tells his friends that he will have the support of the entire Republican delegation from his state including Senator Quay, and this is taken to mean that Senator Platt is agreeable and that he will suggest, in his somewhat emphatic way, to Representatives Payne and Sherman of New York, both of whom are candidates, that they withdraw from the fight.

The news of eastern contestants does not seem to dismay Mr. Cannon of Illinois who telegraphs to Washington that he has established his headquarters in Chicago and means to make the fight of his life for the position. Mr. Cannon has done good work in the thankless position of chairman of the appropriations committee and feels that it is time he came to his reward, but he has also made many enemies, prominent among them, Representative Hepburn of Iowa, who it is believed would favor the Babcock ticket. It is true that Messrs. Cannon and Hepburn always meet at the speaker's desk and embrace at the close of each session, burying their differences until another session, but there is no reason to believe that Mr. Hepburn would rejoice to see his enemy in the Speaker's chair. Mr. Littlefield of Maine is also doing a little vigorous electioneering.

Another important office is discussed. Since President Roosevelt is the predestined candidate for the presidency, it is said that the vice president must come from the West. There are rumors that Secretary Shaw has aspirations in that direction. On the other hand, it is said that the Cummins faction in Iowa politics would oppose his nomination. Apropos of this statement there is a report from Iowa to the effect that Speaker Henderson will try conclusions with Governor Cummins next spring. General Henderson, says this report, believes that the gubernatorial nomination would be an emphatic confirmation of his claim that he represents the best element of Republicanism and would eliminate the Cummins faction from the equation. It would, therefore, pave the way for Mr. Shaw's nomination and the latter would be expected to render material assistance to the Speaker's candidacy. Mr. Shaw yesterday denied any knowledge of Gen. Henderson's ambition.

With the statement that the vice presidency must go to the west, there appears to come a conviction that it will go to Iowa. In this connection, a prominent Republican said to-day that there was "a hoary-headed gentleman in the Senate" from that state who would not now object to taking second place on the ticket and in fact who thought he ought to be seriously considered. The time was when Senator Allison would not have considered the vice presidential nomination but the effective service which Vice President Hobart rendered to President McKinley and the succession of Mr. Roosevelt seem to have enhanced the popular estimate of that position.

There will be many important changes in the next House of Representatives. If Mr. Cannon secures the speakership the most important chairmanship in the chamber will be open and the gentleman who seriously opposes his candidacy will undoubtedly be out of the running. If Senator Platt [illegible] Mr. Dalzell, Mr. Payne will probably remain at the head of the Ways and Means Committee [illegible] the appropriations chairmanship may fall to Mr. [illegible] as a reward for his [illegible]. Mr. Hemenway [illegible] [illegible] Committee on Judiciary [illegible] Ray [illegible] Merchant Marine [illegible] will have two [illegible] especially important [illegible] [illegible] ship [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] will be last and [illegible] probably through [illegible].

Secretary Moody, who returned from his campaign trip recently, told a party of newspaper men that the day of the spellbinder had passed. He said public opinion was now moulded by the press and particularly the weekly newspapers. "People like to give plenty of time to the consideration of public questions," he continued "and they find them fully set forth in the press."

Political Reform.

Corruption in politics is no longer to be tolerated in Elk county and in the future there will be no whisperings of how repeaters got in their work and the counting had been done to suit one or two fellows, if the story of a happening at the recent election in that county, which is told by a prominent Democratic politician of DuBois, can be believed. The story is this: In St. Marys borough and Benzinger township the stronghold of Jim Hall, there were twelve hundred votes cast and two of those were Republican votes. This was a severe shock to the nerves of the Democratic leaders and sleuths were put to work and told that they must locate those two Republicans. The result of the work of the detectives, the story continues, was the discovery of one lone Republican and he was arrested, charged with having cast two votes, when he was only entitled to one.—DuBois Courier.

B., B. & K. Gives Up P. & W.

At a meeting of the officials of the B., B. & K. and the P. & W., held at Pittsburg on the 2d inst., the former road surrendered the lease covering the line of the latter company between Foxburg and Mt. Jewett, which they have held for the past year. The actual transfer of the line, however, will not take place for at least one month, and during that period the B., B. & K. will continue to operate same. It is possible that an arrangement may be effected in the meantime under which the narrow gauge system will be continued under one management.

The Money-Back Cough Syrup.

Means a lot to people who are tired of experimenting with the "ordinary" cough preparations—you are not out a cent if Dr. George Leininger's Formaldehyde Cough Cure does not please you. It will cure consumption and all serious and stubborn lung and throat diseases. Sold at 25c on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

A Taylor Grate is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," besides being a gas saver. Would be pleased to refer you to any one of our many customers who have used them in place of Gas Logs and old fashioned fire places.

JOHN C. HAMLIN.

I have a most complete stock of trunks suit cases and hand bags. Call and inspect the newest styles.

CHARLES LEMMLER.

☞ Use the Redfield mantle.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE

BELL BROS.

Great Values in Carpets.

Here's three special values in carpets that should have the immediate attention of all interested:

No. 1. Five handsome patterns in the best quality of velvet carpets for $1.00 a yard.

No. 2. Eight handsome patterns of Brussels carpet that you will readily recognize as extra superb quality for 65c a yard.

No. 3. A great array of colors and patterns in fine all-wool ingrain carpets for 65c a yard.

The above carpets will be made and delivered free to out of town customers.

Monte Carlo Coats are the Thing. Absolutely Correct Styles and Splendid Values.

We have just received 100 Monte Carlo coats. The fabrics are of superior quality and the workmanship the very best. No smarter coats were ever shown. The prices are $10.00, $12.50, $15.00, 18.00 to $25.00. The colors are tan, castor, oxford and black.

"Save money by buying your boys' clothing here." (Second floor.)

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House in Southwestern New York.

Do You Know What Your Shoes Cost You?

Put down your footwear expenses for last year. Deduct twenty-five per cent (providing you are not already a customer of ours), bring the money remaining down to our store and we'll shoe you for the year. This is a good business proposition, isn't it? Come prepared to fall in love with that new line of John Strootman's women's, misses' and children's shoes

"The John Strootman Shoe"

BUFFALO, N.Y.

For LADIES,' MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S

FINE and STREET WEAR.

CALL FOR CATALOGUE.

BUY WHEN READY ✠ On Sale at

ANDERSON & CARLSON

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Model Restaurant.

Warm Meals and Quick Lunches at all hours.

We serve to please the people with the best the market affords.

Cigars, Tobacco, Candies & Ice Cream.

Oysters in season.
Give us a call.

Harrington & Welch.

NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINistrator, Executors and Guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register the same will be presented for confirmation at an Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport in and for the county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on the second Monday of December, A. D., 1902:

First and final account of E. W. Mullin, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Mary A. McKinney, deceased.

First and final account of P. N. McCarty, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Honora D. McCarty, deceased.

First and final account of Clayton G. Dorn, Executor of the last Will and Testament of S. B. Dorn, deceased.

First and final account of Jennie M. Smith and G. B. Mayo, Executors of the last Will and Testament of William Haskell, deceased.

First and final account of E. Colquist, Administrator of the estate of John Turnquist, deceased.

First and final account of Edward F. Galligan, Administrator of the estate of Patrick H. Galligan, deceased.

First and final account of F. P. Holley, Administrator of the estate of Mary Burdick, deceased.

First and final account of Herbert K. Shaffer, Administrator of the estate of Clarinda Ann Hurley, deceased.

First and final account of C. J. Lane, Administrator of the estate of Ellen Franklin, deceased.

GEO. W. MITCHELL, Register.
H. M. CHOATE, Deputy.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 11th, 1902.

Notice of Application for Charter of Corporation.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on Wednesday, December 10th, 1902, by W. S. Meserve, John B. Nason, M. J. Gallup, W. B. Hock and J. G. Amsler, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain Corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Columbian Construction Company," the character and object of which is the construction and erection of bridges, buildings and other structures of iron, steel, brick, wood, stone or tile, or combinations of the same, and for those purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

The proposed charter is now on file in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth.

THOMAS H. MORRISON,
Solicitor.

Good Groceries.

We hold our customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

We have everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table.

Our Teas and Coffees

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of these articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

SHEPARD & GALLUP,
The Leading Grocers.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete.

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

First Showing of Fall and Winter Clothing.

For weeks we have been busy around our establishment marking and arranging the carloads of wearables that have been daily pouring into our store. We have now ready a

REGULAR FEAST

of new and beautiful things in Men's, Boys' and Children's wear. We are especially proud of

OUR MEN'S SUIT DISPLAY

We have the best suits, made by the best makers we know anything about. It would take miles of talk to do them justice. Compare our suits with any to be had anywhere—workmanship for workmanship—garment for garment—thread for thread. Then COMPARE PRICES. Do this and you will buy your FALL SUIT here. You can't help it, you know.

H. W. RUBIN & CO.,

THE TERHUNE UNION MADE SHOE.

MERCHANT TAILORS, CLOTHIERS & FURNISHERS.

D. C. YOUNG.

New lot of

Waldorf Shirt Waists

just received at store of D. C. Young. All sizes, in flannel, silk and mercerized. One of the best waists made.

My stock of Dry Goods, Underwear, boots and shoes is complete.

In my

GROCERY DEPARTMENT

I am selling fall apples, both sweet and sour, for 50 cts a bushel.

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., Oct. 20, 1902.

STYLISH PATTERNS FOR FALL AND WINTER.

SUITS, OVERCOATS, TROUSERS.

Our stock of the above goods is more complete than ever before. We have the very latest styles in Cheviots, Worsteds and all popular patterns.

And as for fit and style in making we guarantee each garment to be equal to anything made in the largest cities.

Shillenn & Torrence,
The Leading Tailors,
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Monarch Water Heater

is the best in the world, because it is the most durable and the greatest gas saver.

In less than a minute hot water is at hand anywhere in the house, night or day. "You turn the faucet, the Monarch does the rest." We have a large stock on hand.

Smethport Plumbing Co.,
W. S. Palmer, Manager. SMETHPORT, PA.

New Fall Hats.

All that is new in Hats for the coming season we have them. Any color, any style desired. Also a very large assortment of Boys' and Children's Hats and Caps; the latest novelties for little fellows and little girls. Our prices as usual are the lowest.

We also are showing some swell new things in neckwear.

IKE SIMONS
46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store.
Full Line of Negligee Shirts Now Open.

An Easy, Graceful Carriage is Desired by Every Woman

Queen Quality
THE FAMOUS SHOE FOR WOMEN

The first requisite to such a walk is a properly constructed shoe—a proper fitting shoe. A lady's shoe must always be trim and neat in shape; it must be light in weight and it must be flexible to the foot. The "Queen Quality" Shoe is all these and it fits properly.

It hugs the foot closely around and under the instep and heel, making it impossible for the foot to slip forward and crowd the toes. It gives the ball and toes plenty of room and the foot free play.

"It fits where others fail" is a "Queen Quality" truism. We are now showing the new styles of these famous shoes. You are most cordially invited to inspect them and to learn the details of the

$5,000 Prize Offer

$5,000 in Gold given to women. Ask for particulars.

First Prize—$1,000. 2nd Prize—$500. 3rd Prize—$400. 4th Prize—$300. 5th Prize—$200. This money may be yours.

THIS STORE WILL BE CLOSED ALL DAY THANKSGIVING.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Now Heat Your Home Comfortably with a Jewett Reflex Heater.

Even if gas costs 20c per thousand, it would be cheaper for you in a REFLEX than the gas in other makes. This is a positive fact, and REDFIELD, the HARDWARE DEALER, will prove it to you or refund your money. It beats using coal at any price.

All people have been more or less worried on the fuel subject. The JEWETT REFLEX will positively settle your worry in the most satisfactory and economical way. It will pay you to buy a REFLEX because of its economy and HEATING POWER. Remember, your money back if you are not convinced.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 13, 1902.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Mrs. E. H. Colegrove is quite ill at her home on King street.

—Remember the supper and dance at the hose house next Monday evening.

—Don't forget the football game Saturday afternoon, Eldred vs. Smethport.

—A social dance was held at the hose house last night and those in attendance report a good time.

Queen Quality shoes is the principal topic in F. G. Lindholm & Co.'s advertisement this week.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Riggall on Thursday of last week, a 12-pound boy. All concerned are doing well.

—Holmes & Gilfillan this week offer an extraordinary bargain in guns. Read about it in their advertisement.

—The MINER is in receipt of the annual report of the Pennsylvania State College for 1900-1901, and extends thanks for the same.

—The foundation wall and other stone work for the new opera house are about completed and the carpenters will soon have operations in hand.

—Sutton's orchestra of Olean has been engaged for the hotel porters' dance to be given at the hose house on Wednesday evening, November 26.

—Mrs. J. B. Eastman entertained a number of her lady friends at cards at her King street home on Tuesday afternoon. Refreshments were served.

—The Sunday evening series on "Our Homes" at the Methodist church will be concluded next Sunday evening with a sermon by the pastor on "Our Home Life."

—All Odd Fellows are requested to meet at I. O. O. F. hall Friday at 1 p. m. to attend the funeral of our brother, Gustave Hagberg. By order of the Noble Grand.

—Rev. P. S. Calvin's subject at the Baptist church next Sunday morning will be, 'Jonah's Commission." In the evening he will speak on "The Poor Man's Riches."

—In their advertisement this week Messrs. Anderson & Carlson, the shoe merchants make a proposition that you cannot afford to miss reading. It is of interest to everybody who wears shoes.

—Found—A family bible with gold edges and richly embossed cover, having the family record cut out. Information about it, where it was found, where it is now, etc., will be given at the morning service next Sunday at the Methodist church.

—Wapella Council, Degree of Pocahontas, will give a dance and supper at the hose house next Monday evening. Supper will be served from 5 p. m. until all are served. A good time is promised.

—Joseph Camigiuri, an Italian, died at the County Home on Saturday night. He was buried in St. Elizabeth's cemetery on Monday, a number of his fellow countrymen bearing the funeral expenses.

—Last week we stated that the Misses Rubin gave a Hallowe'en party at their residence on Fulton street. We were incorrectly informed. The party was given by the Paul Jones Club in I. O. O. F. hall.

—In another column will be found a letter from Harry Heilman, who enlisted in the United States Navy about three weeks ago. Harry is a sturdy young fellow and we predict for him a successful career in the service.

—Victor Hansen was brought back to the steamer Michigan by the sheriff of Elk county Thursday. Hansen enlisted as a landsman a few weeks ago, but got homesick and went back to Ridgway to see his folks. He is eighteen years old.—Erie Times.

—In the stomach of a cow butchered near Montrose, Susquehanna county, a good-sized pocketbook with a large brass clasp was found. The pocketbook contained a roll of bills and 48 cents in change. A shingle nail and a hairpin were also found.—Reporter Journal.

—There will be a game of football played at Sartwell field next Saturday afternoon between teams representing Eldred and Smethport. As near as can be learned the teams are composed of players from the high school teams of both places, with the exception of heavier men in various positions. The game should be interesting and a large crowd is expected to be in attendance.

—Thomas Collins and George Herman are in the custody of the police at Allegheny, on suspicion of having been implicated in the picking of the pocket of J. O. Peterson of Clermont of $1,350. Descriptions of the men were sent to the police at Allegheny by Chief Murray and it resulted in the arrest. Mr. Peterson has gone to Allegheny to identify the prisoners.—Bradford Record.

—In the third instalment of "Mankind in the Making," which is probably Mr. H. G. Well's most important work, the author considers "Certain Wholesale Aspects of Man-making." No problems in the world are more universally important than those which concern themselves with the birth of the generations which are to succeed us, and a paper such as that included in the November Cosmopolitan — free from technical phrases, and interesting in every paragraph, will be read by a wide class of readers.

—Mrs. C. W. Lilgendahl received on Saturday last from G. E. Browtson of Allegany, N. Y., agent for the Empire State Degree of Honor, a draft for $1,000, being the amount of the policy of her late husband in that order. Mr. Lilgendahl was buried on September 30th and the payment of his insurance is in keeping with the usual promptness of the Empire State Degree of Honor.

—Fred Perry, a gatherer at the Tuna glass factory, Bradford, became demented Saturday morning and attempted to throw himself into the furnace and when foiled in this, tried to cut his throat with a pocket knife, but was prevented by his fellow workmen. He was taken to the lockup and a physician summoned, who declared his mental condition was due to excessive alcoholism.

—J. C. Weaver, formerly proprietor of the Weaver Hotel, this city, recently underwent a surgical operation at Kenton, O., for the deadening of a nerve in his face, which has caused him intense suffering for several months. The surgical work was performed by Dr. Rickard, a specialist of Cincinnati, O., and was witnessed by Loyal Ward of Bradford, and Dell Weaver of Smethport, relatives of the patient.—Era.

—It looks very much as if the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern railway expects to make Mahoning valley hum in the near future. They have leased an immense territory of coal land and have bought some outright, showing they mean business. A railroad will be required in order to operate their new field and we will not be surprised to see grading commenced within a few months.—New Bethlehem Vindicator.

—At the residence of the bride's parents at Sartwell, on Thursday, Nov. 6, Mr. Frank Sherburne of Smethport and Miss Anna Ryan were united in marriage by the Rev. Father Donahoe. The contracting parties are well-known in Smethport, where they have many friends who will unite with the Miner in extending congratulations and best wishes. Mr. and Mrs. Sherburne will take up their residence in Smethport upon their return from their wedding tour to Niagara Falls and other places of interest.

Excellent Musical Entertainment.

The Slayton Woman's Symphony Orchestra delighted a large and appreciative audience at the court house last Saturday evening, under the auspices of the High School Entertainment Association. The company is a first-class one in every respect. [illegible] [illegible] programs.

Where every number [illegible] was artistically rendered, those worthy of special mention were the piano solo by Miss Stella Muriel Becker, the violin solo by Carl Becker, the cello solo by Miss Bertha Becker and the chorus composed of "Annie Laurie" and Schubert's Serenade. This last number was exquisitely rendered, the magnificent soprano voice of Miss Stella Muriel Becker standing prominently out from the other voices and musical instruments.

The Entertainment Association of the ~~high school should~~ be liberally supported by the citizens of Smethport in its endeavor to provide first-class amusements of the character of the Slayton Woman's Symphony Orchestra.

They Paid the Bill.

A Susquehanna county farmer had a dog and he paid the tax assessed on that dog. The dog killed eight sheep for its owner, and was caught in the business red handed, or rather red mouthed. The owner promptly shot him full of holes and then put a bill at the county commissioners office for the sheep. "It was my dog," he admitted, "but I paid the tax on him and had a right to own him. If he had killed some other fellow's sheep the county would have paid the bill without a wink, and I'll bet you that I can make you pay this bill." The commissioners laughed at first, but then they thought awhile and called in the county solicitor. He pondered on the subject and finally said that the county could avoid the cost of a law suit by paying the bill, and pay it they did.—Lewisburg Journal.

Fruits and vegetables of all kinds in season can be had of Gaskin & Grant.

The best robes and blankets at the lowest prices at Charles Lemmler's.

A Taylor Grate is "a thing of beauty and joy forever," besides being a gas saver. Would be pleased to refer you to any one of our many customers who have used them in place of Gas Logs and old fashioned fire places.

JOHN C. HAMLIN.

If interested in saving gas read Redfield's ad.

If interested in saving gas read Redfield's ad.

Have you seen the 1902 Triple Effect heating stove with a pilot, which lights the stove without opening the door? Also single and double burners, $14 and $18. No more slamming of doors, the pilot light does the business. The triple effect gas ranges outclass all others in baking, broiling and small gas bills. For sale in Smethport only by J. C. Hamlin.

For Sale

A Singer sewing machine at a bargain. For particulars inquire at this office.

The gas range "that makes the others look sick" is the one I handle. It is the leader of them all. Call and see it.

J. C. HAMLIN.

For stationery, books and periodicals of all kinds call on Gaskin & Grant.

Buy a Garnet Jewel Gas Heater if you want the best. Holmes & Gilfillan.

PERSONAL MENTION.

T. F. Hanigville visited Kane Sunday.

G. B. Mayo had business in Buffalo Friday.

Percy Bosler of Eldred spent Sunday in town.

J. B. Oviatt of Norwich was in town on Monday.

Frank P. Slocum of Bradford was in town Monday.

C. M. Colegrove had business in Bradford Tuesday.

Sheridan Gorton, Jr., spent Sunday with Bradford friends.

Dr. W. L. McWilliams of Mt. Jewett had business in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Boston visited the production of "Ben Hur" at Buffalo Friday night.

Miss Ethel Gifford, who is teaching school at Portville, N. Y., spent Sunday with friends in town.

H. B. Roseman of Brooklyn was a guest of H. W. Rubin and family on Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. J. C. Jordan of Port Allegany was a guest of Smethport friends the latter part of last week.

Harry Rubin left for Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Monday, where he will attend Eastman's Business College.

Rev. and Mrs. H. E. Bailey of Portville, who have been the guests of Rev. and Mrs. G. H. Patterson, returned home Monday.

G. E. Browtson of Allegany, N. Y., agent for the Empire State Degree of Honor, is talking insurance in this vicinity at present.

Miss Nellie McGill formerly of Farmers Valley, but now of this place, spent last week with Misses Ella and Lillian Brooder of Sartwell.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Spangle and child returned Monday morning to their home in Nunsen, Pa., after a visit with relatives and friends in this place.

A party of Smethport ladies, composed of Mesdames A. T. Smith, F. D. Gallup, S. R. Lundsley, T. H. Purtle and J. C. Gallup, drove to Port Allegany yesterday.

Thomas Clark of Smethport, a former Austinite, was in town last week, figuring on the plumbing contract of the new bank building. Tom is a practical man at the business and always strives to do a satisfactory job.—Austin Autograph.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Hefner and [illegible] of Manning drove to Smethport Sunday, where they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel [illegible]. Mesdames Opal Sasse and Lewis Raymer of Smethport have been guests of Mrs. J. F. [illegible] at Wrights for several days.—Port Allegany Argus.

Administrator's Notice

[illegible]

1. All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Keating, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a post on the north bank of Potato creek, the southeast corner of lands of the said W. A. Young; thence north 100 rods to a post corner; [illegible] to a post corner; thence south 100 rods to the north bank of the creek; thence down said creek to the place of beginning. Containing thirty acres of land, be the same more or less, and being the west half of a lot conveyed to the said W. A. Young by Arthur Young and wife by deed dated July 20th, [illegible], and recorded in Deed Book "W," page 221. About 20 acres improved and having thereon an old frame barn and an old orchard. Excepting and reserving a strip of land across said premises conveyed to the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad Company for rail road purposes.

2. All that certain, piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Keating, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a maple on the north bank of Sixes creek, and now known as Potato Creek, at the southeast corner of lands of A. B. Armstrong; thence north 108.5 perches to a post corner; thence east 50 perches to a chestnut stump corner; thence south 107.2 perches to a beech corner on the north bank of said creek; thence up the creek by the several courses thereof to the place of beginning. Containing fifty acres strict measure be the same more or less; being a part of the allotment of Keating lands in said Township and part of warrant No. 2,094, and being the same premises conveyed by D. C. Young et al. to the said W. A. Young by deed dated February 20th, 1882, and recorded in Deed Book 24, page 204.

About thirty acres improved and having thereon a two story frame house, with wing attached, one horse barn and one cow barn. Excepting and reserving a strip of land across said premises conveyed to the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad Company for railroad purposes, and subject to the interest of Laurinda H. Young in said premises under and by virtue of the last will and testament of Arthur Young, deceased.

3. All that certain, piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Keating, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the northwest corner of the 50 acre tract deeded to Arthur Young by John Keating et al, on the 8th day of August, 1837; thence east along the north line thereof 50 perches to a chestnut stump corner; thence north 160 perches to a post corner; thence west 50 perches to a post corner; thence south 160 perches to the place of beginning. Containing fifty acres of land, be the same more or less, and being the same premises conveyed to the said W. A. Young by D. O. Young and others, heirs of Arthur Young, by deed dated February 20th, 1882, and recorded in Deed Book 24, page 202. About five acres improved.

4. The equal undivided one-half part of all that certain, piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Eldred, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, being lot No. 228 of the allotment of Keating lands in Eldred Township and part of warrant No. 2,227. Containing 78.7 acres of land, strict measure, be the same more or less, and being the same premises conveyed to the said W. A. Young and Herman A. Young by Manville Tuttle and James Black, administrators of Thomas R. Frisbee, by deed dated October 22nd, 1885, and recorded in Deed Book, Vol. 30, page 365. Unimproved.

5. The equal undivided one half part of all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Eldred, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post the southwest corner of land deeded to Arthur Young, lot No. 250; thence west 87.5 perches to a post the northwest corner of lot No. 7 Keating Township, deeded to Arthur Young; thence south 16 perches to a post the northeast corner of lot deeded to H. W. Rueder; thence west 52.5 perches to a post corner of lot No. 228, contracted to Thomas R. Frisbee; thence north 70 perches to a post corner of the same; thence east 90 perches to a chestnut tree corner of the same; thence south 54 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 35.8 acres strict measure, be the same more or less, being lot No. 170 of the allotment of Keating lands and part of warrant No. 2,227, and being the same premises conveyed to the said W. A. Young and Herman A. Young by Byron D. Hamlin and wife by deed dated August 9th, 1888, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 45, page 520. Unimproved.

Terms of sale. One-third of the purchase price down, and the balance of the purchase money on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

JAMES BRAY,
Administrator.

GORTON & RICHMOND, Attorneys.

FRY & HERZOG

DRY GOODS—CARPETS—MEN'S FURNISHINGS.
CARPETS MADE FREE.

FALL WANTS.

Just now you will have many needs. There's the change to warm underwear and hosiery. That's imperative if you would guard against the dangerous cold that is sure to attack the unprepared. We carry practically all the wanted grades for Men, Women and Children, and they're honestly priced. Then there's the bedding question. Use more quilts and blankets—less gas. It's cheaper and more healthful. Right here is the place to buy them most economically. We mention a few sterling values below:

MEN'S UNDERWEAR,
Single Garments, 50c to $3.00.
Union Suits, $2.00 and $4.25.

LADIES UNDERWEAR.
Single Garments, 25c to $1.25.
Union Suits, 50c to $2.00.

CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR.
(Sizes 18 to 34)
Fleece-lined 10c to 35c
according to size.

CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR, Cont.
(Sizes 18 to 34.)
Wool, 35c to 85c
Extra fine grade, 60c to $1.00.

HOSIERY
Cotton, Wool and Fleece lined for men, women and children, 10c to 50c per pair

BLANKETS
50c to $5.75 per pair.

QUILTS
$1.00 to $3.75 each.

FRY & HERZOG.

$4.50 FOR THIS

Stevens' Single Barrel Breech-Loading Shot Gun

CHOKE-BORED FOR NITRO POWDER.

A HIGH CLASS GUN Top snap, low rebounding hammer, 12 gauge, 30-inch Special Steel Barrel. Take-down pattern. Shell extractor.

DON'T PAY 1 CENT before you see the gun. Come to our store, take it in your hands and look it over. If you don't like it hand it back. If it suits you, pay us $4.50 and the gun is yours. There are no express charges to pay, no chances to take. You see before you buy. If it's not right you can come and see us. We are here to make it right.

This is not the only **Gun Bargain. We Have Others** in Shot Guns—Double and Single Barrel—Hammer and Hammerless—Rifles, Revolvers and Air Guns. Ammunition for all of them. Hunting Coats, Gun Cases, Belts, Leggings, Hunting Axes, etc., etc.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
Lumber and Hardware
Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies
We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top.
Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

To get it we are willing to do anything that is right. We have purchased the stock of

GROCERIES and GENERAL MERCHANDISE

of O. D. Bush and are determined to run an up-to-date store.

We have put a delivery wagon on the road and we will call at your house, take your order and deliver goods promptly.

Give us a trial order and if everything is not perfectly satisfactory tell us about it.

VOORHEES & McCARTY,
Bush Building. EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

OSTERMOOR FELT MATTRESSES.

The Kind that is better than hair—we sell them.

Lawn Swings and Porch Furniture at cost to close them out.

J. M. SLOAN,
6 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

Place Your Confidence in Us.

When there is illness in your home and the critical period approaches, you find your self wondering if the medicine is really the best that can be obtained. So much depends upon the medicine! Bring your prescriptions to us, and you can be sure that none but the highest standard drugs and chemicals will be used and that every prescription will be filled with as much carefulness and accuracy as if they were for one in our own family. We would like an opportunity to demonstrate these facts to you.

Wells Pharmacy.

Cartwright's Trustee

By EVERETT HOLBROOK

Copyright, 1902, by Charles B. Etherington

WHEN Cameron tilted back his chair against the rough and rugged wall of the log house, the light of the fire shone upon his abundant gray hair and ruddy face, but he had drawn out of the heat. The collar of his flannel shirt flared away upon each side, and I saw his rounded and strong throat, with a triangular bit of his bare chest below.

"Now for the interview," he said, pausing between the words to draw upon his newly lighted pipe with keen enjoyment. "Why am I here? That's the matter of interest, is it? Why do I live in this Adirondack wilderness after those fools over there," and he waved his hand toward a deal table littered with pens and paper, "have brought me that which you are pleased to call success?"

Upon this he told me the following story:

I visited this region the first time with a hunting party about ten years ago. The others were men whom I had come to know in one way or another, men of means, all of them, while I could hardly raise the amount of my fare.

In some way which is not important to this narrative I became separated from my friends one day when we were roaming the primeval forest together. It was a startling experience, for the chances were excellent that I might wander all night in the cold, and at that time I was not robust. However, just as it was growing dark I fell in with a man upon whose neck I could have wept for joy, though I had not the pleasure of a previous acquaintance with him.

He may have been forty years old, brown as an Indian, slender, tall and lithe. His voice had a cheery ring, his eyes were bright, his [illegible] had the way of the woods, but [illegible] beyond the [illegible] answers I [illegible] lack cultivation. [illegible] was Robert Cartwright.

He led me to [illegible], and though he tried to [illegible] to mine, I had hard work to follow him.

When Cartwright set foot upon the slab of rock that makes the step outside there, the door was suddenly flung open, and a pleasant voice cried, "Why, Bobby, how late you are!"

The next moment "Bobby" was being kissed in a very simple, unaffected and altogether enviable fashion, and he was contributing liberally to the demonstration when he happened to remember me, which is more than I had a right to expect under the circumstances. Mrs. Cartwright had not yet become aware that her husband was not alone, for she had come out of the brightness into the dusk.

"There is some one with me," I heard Cartwright whisper. And then he presented me most agreeably.

Yet there was a touch of formalism in his words and manner. They savored of the city. And when Mrs. Cartwright greeted me she was not quite so fine a woman as she had been a minute before, with her arms around her husband's neck. I had introduced an element of artificiality. I had carried them back.

"I wish our boy were here," said Cartwright presently. "You'd then see our little home just right. But he's gone to a boarding school."

"We are sorry that we sent him," said Mrs. Cartwright. And then she showed me a photograph of a boy of ten years.

I was able to say without prevarication that Bobby Junior was the image of his sire.

Well, we had a great supper, for which I had the better appetite because of waiting while the preparation of it was completed. In this task the husband assisted.

"LET ME TELL YOU HOW I CAME HERE."

I was a very formal fellow in those days. My manner was as stiff as a starched shirt collar (and he pulled his flannel garment open a little wider at these words). From the outset I could see that Mrs. Cartwright detected the flavor of my breeding and that her woman's nature would not let her admit any deficiency on her own part. Indeed, there was no need of it, for she was born and bred a lady and quite in the circle of my own family's acquaintance, as I learned presently, for she was a Wayne of the old Connecticut stock, and the Camerons were proud of an alliance with them two generations ago, when both were rich.

Some talk of this very distant relationship brought us nearer together and carried us farther from the woods. I answered many questions about the news of cities and heard some old stories which led me to know that Cartwright had not lived always in the wilderness by any means.

It was late in the evening, however, before I ventured to ask what had led them so far away from the centers of cultivation and refinement which would have been their natural habitat.

"You remember Holmes' line?" said Cartwright—"'Put not your trust in money, but your money in trust.' Well, my father put his money in trust for me, and this is the result. My trustee got away with it."

"God bless him!" said the lady, taking her husband's hand.

She was sitting on the arm of his chair at the time and looking very sweet in the firelight. I could not think of her as the mother of a ten year old boy, she looked so young and so light hearted and hopeful. Yet she was a beaten woman by all the rules. She was married to a man who was poor and would never be otherwise. Her real youth was gone, and even should Cartwright do as is the duty of a poor man with a pretty wife I couldn't fancy Mrs. Cartwright returning to fight the battle over again.

SHE WAS SITTING ON THE ARM OF HIS CHAIR.

It is true that I was puzzled by the fervency of her prayer for the dishonest trustee, though I judged it was a part of her fidelity to her husband, a part of her long resolve never to reproach him for their poverty.

He raised her hand to his lips before he answered the question which he had seen in my eyes.

"I suppose he saved my life," said Cartwright, "and that is why Marjory blesses him. May heaven bless her! I was a wild boy, Mr. Cameron. My father always gave me plenty of money, and I 'went the pace,' as the phrase is."

"He was not so bad, I guess," said Marjory, with a hand upon his head, where I observed that the dark brown hair was thin at the back of the crown.

"Let my bald spot be the witness to my crimes," said he, reading my eye again. "It was bigger at twenty five years than it is now, and a fellow doesn't get such an ornament for nothing. Late hours, champagne, bad tobacco in stifling cafes under the glare of lights! Yes, yes, it is a blessing that my trustee became a thief before I had time to become anything worse myself.

"I was beginning to feel the strain. My pet doctor pointed out an open grave to me every time I went to see him, and finally he drove me up into the woods for a little rest. He did it by promising that the relaxation would give me life for a year and perhaps two of the fun that I was having."

"Fun!" echoed Mrs. Cartwright.

"Upon my soul," said her husband, "it was the emptiest, painfulest, most sodden, wretched and hopeless existence ever suffered by a mortal creature. But I didn't know it then. Well, I came up into the Adirondacks with half a dozen other profligates before whom the grave also yawned, and we endeavored to restore our health by sitting all day and night in the room of a little hotel a few miles from here drinking bad liquor and playing cards for money. I remember that the luck was dead against me all the time—the worst run I ever had. Indeed, about the third day I sent a hurry call to my trustee for funds. But, Mr. Cameron, at the very moment when I was writing to him he was a bankrupt and twenty-four hours later he was on his secret way to South America, or some say to China, with the wreck of his dishonesty. Heaven forgive and bless him! It was the beginning of a new life to me."

"You went back to town and started over again, I suppose?"

"I have never been out of these woods since then," said Cartwright, "except when I took my boy down to Albany to school at the beginning of this fall. In the old days when that thunderbolt hit me I went to bed, believing that the grave which my doctor had pointed out to me was my only refuge and wishing to encourage it to yawn as hard and fast as possible. Presently my cross and crabbed old uncle, William Cartwright, from Brooklyn, appeared upon the scene and favored me with the details of my ruin. He closed by offering me a small allowance on the bargain that I would live up here in the woods for a year or for longer unless my health should be fully restored.

"I was willing. There was no reason why I should go back. But dying isn't so easy up here. Strangely enough, I acquired an appetite for life. I began to go out hunting with a guide and surprised him—and myself far more—by developing into a first rate shot with a rifle. Before the end of that winter I had gained nearly twenty pounds, though you wouldn't call me fat as I stand, and I could eat bear meat right off the bear.

"Mr. Cameron, I liked the life. I was ripe for it. I had had enough of the other kind. I resolved to stay here, and here I am. My uncle gave me money enough to buy this house and a bit of land running down to the lake, and here I established a hermitage."

His voice changed, and his eyes began to glisten.

"In the long winter evenings," he continued, "I began to write to a little girl. She was only sixteen, and she was going to school. I wrote bear stories for her and lonesome tales of the woods. You must understand that just before my pecuniary disaster I had chanced to see her, and somehow her beauty"—at this point Mrs. Cartwright tried to cover his mouth with her hand—"her beauty," he persisted, "and her innocence had remained with me. And she had remembered me. Think of it—me, the profligate! What miracles doth heaven grant! Well, well, I wrote her stories of the woods, and finally I wrote her love stories, and so at last, being quite free in the world, though only nineteen when this happened, she came up into the wilderness to see me, and we were married at Pine Knot, five miles down the lake.

"Therefore," he went on, extending his left hand toward a pitcher of cider on the table, "I shall propose the health of all thieving, rascally trustees who steal the money of those foolish heirs who are not fit to have it. Ah, Mr. Cameron, think what he did for me! Think of this pure, healthy life among the fragrant trees! I am supremely happy. I bless him, I honor him. Here's to him—old Archibald Withington—may the saints receive him!"

I was about to raise my glass, but laid it down again.

"Archibald Withington!" said I. "Why, I know him. He has offices in the same building as myself."

"You're thinking of his son," said Cartwright, smiling.

"Pardon me," I rejoined. "The man I'm thinking of can't be the son of any one now living. He is more than a hundred years old, I should say, though he hasn't grown a day older in ten years. He is tall as a tree, straight as a gun barrel, and he bears a scar upon his left cheek that he says he got in the civil war, though I think it was more likely the Revolution."

"Archibald Withington in New York!" cried Cartwright. "He has made another fortune. [illegible]"

"He has always been rich," said I. "He was never ruined. He never fled."

We were all upon our feet by this time and very [illegible] excited.

"Cartwright," said I, "[illegible] your uncle. Tell me about [illegible]. You say that he was strict, severe. By heavens he took this means to reform you, with Withington's connivance, of course. Was there any provision in your father's will which could give the color of honesty to"—

"Much; much was left to Withington's discretion," said Cartwright in a trembling voice: "And yet the money is undoubtedly mine. Did anybody ever hear of such scandalous, infamous robbery as this? Marjory, my poor girl! And I have kept you slaving in this wilderness, without a rag of clothes, without a jewel"—

I CALLED AT THEIR HOUSE LAST YEAR.

"We have been happy here," she said through hysterical tears. "But for our son's sake I think we ought to make some attempt to have our rights."

"Attempt!" cried Cartwright. "Well, you just watch me. I'll stand those two old villains on their venerable heads. I'll"—

Oh, dear! (Mr. Cameron continued). To think what I did to them, those kind and happy folks who welcomed me to their hospitable table that evening! They went back to the city, and they found the truth to be as I conjectured. It had been done for Cartwright's good.

So they got all their money (he rambled on), and a great sum it was. Cartwright gave me $1,000 and this cabin. He and his wife took a house on Fifth avenue, and they went much into society—for the sake of the child, they said, though what difference it could make to a boy I don't know. If it had been a girl—but why discuss it?

I called at their house when I was in the city last year, and Mrs. Cartwright had me to lunch. Her husband was too ill to come downstairs—too ill to see me, in fact. I don't wonder. They live very high, and when a man has been used to open air and good, wholesome food the change goes hard with him. A woman, of course, can stand anything—except worse clothes than her neighbors. And Mrs. Cartwright dresses wonderfully well, but she's beginning to look old. Poor woman! She was so pretty, so rosy, so happy and healthy here that night in the light of the fire! And it's not so long ago.

Cartwright sent down word to me that if there was anything I wanted I need only ask for it. He would set no limit upon his gratitude to the man who brought him into his fortune. I didn't take anything. As a man of heart, as a man from outdoors, by jingo, I couldn't do it!

THE GOVERNOR'S PERIL

By PHIL M. CONGER

Copyright, 1901, by T. C. McClure

They had tried, convicted and sentenced Thomas Barlow to state prison for life for the murder of his wife. The prosecution called it one of the clearest cases ever tried. The couple had separated after a quarrel, and the wife had gone to live with a sister while seeking a divorce. The husband had made threats of personal violence. One evening he was seen skulking about the house where she lived. That night she was found murdered in her bed. He had entered by the open window and struck her down as she rose to give the alarm.

When arrested, he was far away and intending to leave the country. The testimony of the detectives went to show that he betrayed many signs of guilt when taken into custody and that before being put on trial he virtually confessed to the murder. At the trial the prisoner made no defense beyond declaring his innocence. To the careless observer he seemed so weighted down with his guilt that he could not arouse himself. The trial was little better than a formality, and two or three days later Barlow arrived at the prison.

He was calm and quiet, and it was a couple of weeks before he woke up, as it were. As in the case of all other life prisoners, he was put in solitary confinement for the first month. The time had only half expired when he began weeping, crying and shouting, and when the deputy came to him he wailed out:

"Set me free! Let me out of this! I am here for murdering Clara, but God knows that I am an innocent man!"

His tears and ravings were taken as the result of a guilty conscience. There was no pity for him, but because he continued to wail he was taken from the "solitary" and put to work. It was little work they could get out of him. His fits of weeping prevented that. He was lectured by the deputy and the warden, but it seemed as if he could not restrain himself.

It is a rare thing to find one prisoner pitying another or believing that a fellow convict has been unjustly condemned. Barlow had not been in prison six weeks before he was an object of ridicule and contempt among the prisoners, and he was sternly told by the authorities that if he didn't brace up he would be punished. The man did his best, as everybody came to believe, but it was no use. He tried suicide three times in one month. He refused all food, had to be sent to the hospital, and for weeks he lay in the shadow of death with brain fever.

ONE MAN STOOD BETWEEN THE GOVERNOR AND DEATH.

He was a wreck when he got over his illness, and he had been in prison quite a year before he went to work in the tailor shop. The change in him when he got about was just what had been looked for. He became silent, morose and dangerous. While he obeyed the rules to the letter he felt that he was unjustly accused and unjustly sentenced and there would come a day when he would turn loose on a guard or a fellow convict and commit murder.

Among the 650 convicts in the prison were some desperate men—men who were marked "E. D." (extra desperate) on the records. They were men who had been convicted of manslaughter, burglary and deadly assault and were always plotting and scheming. Any one of the gang would have knifed or brained a guard to make an opening for escape.

When Barlow was entering upon his second year, it was noised through the prison that the governor would pay a visit to look into three or four cases where pardons had been asked for. When he arrived, he was attended only by his secretary, and he insisted upon passing about alone and talking freely with the prisoners. There was talk of mismanagement, and the governor was fair enough to want to hear both sides of the case.

It so happened that four of the "E. D." men were working in the yard that day, moving a big boiler. Each of the four had applied for a pardon and been refused, and each had sworn revenge. They had plotted to get up a scene in the yard during the governor's visit. By throwing down their tools and refusing to work and by calling upon other convicts to join them they would upset all discipline for a time and create a sensation for the newspapers. When the governor appeared among them alone, they changed their plan.

Of a sudden as his excellency stood looking at the work in hand the four men raised a shout, rushed upon him and hustled him into the alley between the tailor shop and the shoe shop. In two minutes the whole prison was in revolt. There was no cowardice among the guards, but when 600 men break loose without the slightest warning surprise and confusion will render thirty or forty guards powerless for a time.

In the tailor shop where Barlow was at work there was only one guard over the thirty five men. The fellow lost his head at once, and the first man to reach him was Barlow. The revolver was wrenched from his hand, and he was flung aside as the thirty-five rushed into the yard. None of them had as yet espied the governor, but when it became known that he had been captured Barlow dived straight for the spot where he was being held. Then, crowding the governor back, he stood in front of him and leveled his weapon at the cheering, cursing, excited mob and warned them that it would be death to them to come nearer.

For fifteen minutes pandemonium reigned in that yard. The mob surged from side to side of the yard, sacking the building, destroying machinery and defying the guards. The shoe shop was set on fire, and above all the confusion the notes of the alarm bell were heard summoning help from the town.

In time most of the prisoners were marched to their cells and locked up, but a score or more continued defiant and were not overcome for an hour, and then only after three of them had been shot. During all this time one man stood between the governor and death—the convict Barlow. The "desperates" begged, coaxed, cursed and threatened. They menaced him with missiles, they sorely wounded him again and again, but they dared not lay hands on him, dared not cross the line he had drawn. When all was over he sat down and wept. The governor went [illegible] without a scratch on his person.

Everybody said [illegible] a case for instant pardon. [illegible] It was heroic [illegible], but he had been [illegible] for a cold blooded [illegible] for a pardon. What [illegible] was that his innocence might be proved. He had gone over the [illegible] in his mind a hundred times [illegible] how he was able to throw some light on certain dark spots. The governor had no doubt of his guilt, and yet he employed men at his own expense to go over the ground.

But by a mere accident after all Barlow was cleared. In another state and hundreds of miles away a horse thief was mortally injured by a fall from the horse he had stolen. Before dying that man, who had not heard of the trial and conviction of Barlow, confessed, among other things, that he had entered the house where Mrs. Barlow was stopping to secure plunder. He was in the room when she woke up and cried out, and he hit her on the head with an iron bolt. He had no idea that he had caused her death, as he had not struck to kill. Barlow had been there in the evening to get word with her and make up their quarrel, but she refused to speak. When arrested, he was simply going to a distant point, far from the scene of his domestic troubles.

If his guilt had seemed clear when tried before, his innocence seemed no less clear when he faced a jury the second time. Leaving out his action during the mutiny and taking the case on its legal merits, he was honorably acquitted and restored to society without a stain on his name, and the first man to grasp his hand after the verdict was the governor of the state.

It Rested Him.

"Folks that talk against long tennis and goff and such games have got different feelings from what I have," said Ephraim Stone in a talk at dusk with his nearest neighbor, "for I approve of 'em, I can tell ye."

"Always appeared to me kind of foolish—kind of flighty," volunteered the neighbor.

"That ain't the point," said Mr. Stone quickly. "The point is how they make me feel. This whole enduring day I'd been picking cranberries down in 'Liph's bog, and when I come along past the club grounds I was feeling lame and mad. And I come right upon a mess of the summer folks hard at it with long tennis and goff.

"There was a couple of girls batting and jumping and scrabbling here and there, red in the face and all worked up, and there was five young men plowing the field with sticks and one on his hands and knees hunting in the blackberry bushes for a ball that had got lost.

"Thinks I, 'Every dog has his day, and mine's come right now.' And I got out and hitched old Nell to a tree, and while those folks worked and fussed and got all het up Ephr'im Stone sot back in his kerridge and watched 'em, and I tell you, sir, he felt pretty good!"—Youth's Companion.

Delaware's Circular Boundary.

The northern boundary line of Delaware is circular because the charter given to Penn states that Pennsylvania was to be "bounded on the east by the Delaware river from twelve miles distant north of Newcastle town until the three and fortieth degree of north latitude" and that the southern boundary was to be "a circle drawn at twelve miles distant from the town of Newcastle northward and westward until the fortieth degree of north latitude and then by a straight line westward." This makes a circular boundary for northern Delaware unavoidable, and the facts above set forth explain a geographical curiosity that has puzzled many students.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 110, June Term, 1902.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Maude Battelle did, on the 22nd day of March, 1902, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Guy Battelle.

We therefore command you, the said Guy Battelle, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Maude Battelle and show cause, if any you have, why the said Maude Battelle, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WILLIAM B. CLARKE, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 11, 1902.

Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 42, June Term, 1902.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Elmo L. Kellogg did, on the 28th day of February, 1902, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Mary Ella Kellogg.

We therefore command you, the said Mary Ella Kellogg, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Elmo L. Kellogg and show cause, if any you have, why the said Elmo L. Kellogg, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WILLIAM B. CLARKE, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 11, 1902.

R. B. Stone, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. [illegible], June Term, 1902.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, John Morris did, on the 28th day of April, 1902, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Mary A. Morris.

We therefore command you, the said Mary A. Morris, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the second Monday of December next, to answer the petition or libel of John Morris and show cause, if any you have, why the said John Morris, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WILLIAM B. CLARKE, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 11, 1902.

[illegible], Libellant's Attorneys.

THE

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AFTER LONG YEARS...

By Zoe Anderson Norris

Copyright, 1902, by Zoe Anderson Norris

When Gabrielle looked at the card they had brought her, she was for a moment puzzled.

Then she gave a little cry of joy.

"Courtney Griswold." And how many years had it been since she had seen him! So many it was impossible to count, and he waiting there while she made ready to go down.

She hurried. The glass reflected brilliantly excited eyes and cheeks that were red. She forgot the years and the difference they must have made in that reflection of hers, or she would not let herself think, for Gabrielle had partly learned the lesson of putting aside the thought of those things that hurt.

Ready, she ran half way down the stairs and stopped, peeping over the half bronze figure at the foot of the banister, in whose uplifted hand was the torch light of the hall [illegible].

"YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL AS EVER," HE SAID.

She could not see him from there for the parlor was dark. He sat hidden in another part of it.

She ran all the way down and entered.

He rose, advanced and, taking her by the elbows, pushed her back into the more brilliant light of the uplifted jet in the hall.

He looked down at her.

"I want to see you," he said, "I want to see how these long years have dealt with that beauty of yours."

She faced it bravely, since she must, the light of the lamp together with the searching glance of his eyes.

The glance softened. It glowed. Through half closed lids he smilingly regarded her. His down dropped hands released her.

"You are beautiful as ever," he concluded. And she laughed.

"As if that could be," the laugh turning into a sigh, "after all these years."

He led her to a divan.

"Come, sit down by me," he insisted, "and let's talk about it, about those rare old days when I used to be with you."

"But first," she reminded him, "take off your overcoat and hat. Here. Let me help you. And stay an hour or two."

"Or three will be more like it, if I may."

"You may," she laughed back from the hall, where she had gone to hang up his coat and hat, "and longer."

He leaned forward listeningly.

"There is one thing I have heard through all these years," he said to her softly when she had taken the seat by his side.

"And that is?"

"Your laugh."

She hushed it, thinking how its echo had stayed with him through the years, breathlessly, reverently, wonderingly.

Her restless fingers toyed with the jeweled cords of a pompon she wore. She whirled them about, first this way and then that.

"Those dear old days," she began, "when you were my pupil—those rollicking old days! What fun they were!"

"And fancy your being a teacher—you, with your short hair curled about your face and your pretty gowns and your prettier ways and your big eyes and your laugh—above everything, your laugh!"

Showing some dimples in a smile, she turned suddenly grave.

"To tell the truth," said she, "my conscience doesn't lacerate me so much as to the art I taught. But of all the bluffs I ever perpetrated upon an unsuspecting public that bluff of teaching mechanical drawing was the most audacious, the most gigantic, the most—well, words fail me when I think of it; they actually do."

"They fail me, too," he assured her, "for I was the victim, the sole victim. When I think of the money I cheerfully paid out for the learning of absolutely"—

She threw back her head in another laugh.

"Say it if you want to!" she cried. "I don't care. It is only just. For nothing—for absolutely nothing."

"Why, when I think of it, I"—

"What?"

"I only wish I had it to pay all over again," he finished, caressing her with his eyes.

"That goes to show the reckless character of you," she averred, but was quiet a little while, thinking, warmed by his glance.

"The old studio," she commenced by and by, "with its wide north window, with its flowers on the sill that you and I watered."

"About all we did," he interrupted, "was to water those flowers."

"And the giant table you would drag in for your mechanical drawing—that huge, horrible table that took up all the room."

"I had it there," he apologized, "because it was the only way I could seem to get the worth of my money. Tell me," straightening himself, facing her squarely, looking her boldly in the eye, "did you ever hear of mechanical drawing before you struck that academy?"

"Once or twice," she acknowledged, "before I left Washington city, where I was studying, I heard the word."

"Once or twice!" he groaned. "And then to teach it! Of all things! Mechanical drawing!"

"I wrote to my teacher in Washington," Gabrielle continued, explaining, "asking her if she thought I could study it up from a book and teach it that way?"

"And what did she reply?"

"That if I could I would be a wonder worthy of traveling in a sideshow, and if I succeeded to let her know, because the thing would be little short of a miracle."

"And you attempted it after that?"

"I attempted it after that," she asserted, "and with success."

He slapped a resounding hand on a knee.

"With success!" he repeated, a grimace contracting the cords of his countenance. "Those hours I spent in racking my brain with problems of mechanical drawings impossible to solve! Those mornings I spent in drawing diagrams on boards, you, standing by, trying hard to look wise!"

"And all the time knowing less than you did."

"Less! I should go one better and say knowing nothing at all. And the poor old professor coming in from his classes now and again to help me out. Then to call it a success!"

"I call it a success," she reasoned demurely, "because you told me you'd be only too glad to pay the money all over again."

"You are right," he assented after a period of thought. "It was a success."

"The professor?" she questioned. "Do you think he ever caught on?"

"If he didn't he hadn't the perspicacity I gave him credit for, and so far as perspicacity was concerned the professor was all right. He knew a thing or two when he could think of them. He often proved it. I shall never forget how he came unexpectedly down into the cellar at bedtime one day and found four of us busily engaged in playing a game of cards. Playing cards now, in an academy of religious principles so exceedingly strict! And that wasn't all. By the side of each sinner of us was a bottle of beer."

"Yes. And what did he do?"

"He expelled every last one of them with the exception of me. You can rest assured that there was no doubt about the perspicacity of the professor."

"If he hadn't worn celluloid collars I forgave him everything but that."

"It was a minor matter. He was as good as gold. There was no flaw in him. Do you remember how regularly every Christmas time we made him a little present, and I was the spokesman?"

"Probably that was why he let you off so light."

She clasped her right hand over her left, which rested on her knee. A diamond flashed.

"Dear old fellow!" she murmured.

Her fingers showed white in the dim light of the faroff lamp. Bending over, he looked at them.

"It's the same little cluster ring," said he, "isn't it?"

"The very same," holding up her hand for him to see.

"I remember. I wore it once. Have you forgotten?"

"When was it?" she queried.

"At one of those famous presentation speeches. You let me wear it on my little finger. It wouldn't fit the others.

ABOUT ALL WE DID WAS TO WATER THE FLOWERS.

You put it on yourself. In the middle of the speech I nearly forgot what I was going to say, catching sight of it."

She turned her eyes on him.

"Why?" she asked wonderingly.

"Because it was yours and because it was you who put it on."

She looked away from him.

"I never thought you cared so much," said she, "as that."

"You wouldn't think. You were willfully blind."

"No, you are wrong. I was not. I should have been glad to know. It might have saved me heartaches."

"Heartaches, girlie?"

"Yes, heartaches. Did I succeed so well in hiding them? Oh, if you only knew! Why, think, for one thing, of going straight from Washington city to that little western town all plank walks and windstorms and dust and cyclones! From the most beautiful of cities to—Don't let's talk about it! Not only that, but to be made to go to certain unhappiness there, to be dragged back in chains that all the more because they were unseen cut into the flesh, hurting, hurting!"

Her fingers had clinched into her palms.

Taking them up, he straightened them out and raised them to his lips.

"If it hurts you now, then don't let's talk about it," he said soothingly, as to a child.

With big, sad eyes she stared across at the mirror of the mantel.

"The only thing that kept me alive through that awful time," she went on, "was that little class at the academy. I threw myself into the fun of it, and I wasn't so bad a fraud as I seemed, either. What I lacked in knowledge of mechanical drawing I made up in art. I understood art. I drew well. I painted well. I had come from an excellent teacher. I had painted in galleries. My worst sin was against you."

"Don't let that worry you. I was glad enough to help you water those flowers, as I have told you."

"If you could have known how I rushed into the fun of it in order to forget, you would have been still more glad. Do you remember how Claude Ralfes used to spend his hour of drawing?"

"I only remember how [illegible] I was that he should have an hour of drawing to spend."

"He never drew a line. He merely repeated quotations from Shakespeare to catch me. He made me tell him what plays they were from. And wasn't he rejoiced when I made a mistake—when unfortunately I hit on the wrong play! He harped on it for weeks and weeks. What fun!"

"It seems to me," he mused, "that I remember one day, when you and I were in the studio, just you and I alone. We had left an unfinished mechanical drawing on the blackboard and were watering those flowers, and— Have you forgotten?"

"I am afraid I have. Tell me."

"I leaned forward close to you, so close that I came near to touching your cheek."

"Yes, yes."

"Only those short curls of yours prevented it, those dear little curls that stood bushy about your head, making

HE DREW HER TO HIM.

it look like the heads of wax dolls you see in the windows of [illegible] shops, almost too big for your shoulders, but pretty as pretty."

"It is a real pity they don't wear short hair now. I'd cut it off again and curl it since you like it so. Did you think it curled naturally?"

"I didn't care how it curled so it curled."

"I nearly burned my fingers off and my ears keeping it curled," she asserted. "Once I dropped the curling iron on my bare shoulder, and the scar stayed there for months. Then, when you touched my cheek, what happened?"

"Nothing. That was the worst of it. Nothing at all. But that was the nearest I ever came to kissing you."

"Why did you want to kiss me?"

"You ought to know."

Interlacing her fingers, she clasped them about her knee, rocking back and forth slightly.

"But I didn't know!" she sighed. "Oh, if I had known! If I had known! Why didn't you tell me?"

"You know why I didn't tell you. You were engaged to be married to another man."

"But it was an unhappy engagement, finally broken off. If I had known, what harm could it have done? I could have kept the thought in my heart all these years, and it would have warmed it maybe."

"I went away partly because of it."

"Without letting me know."

"A dozen times I was upon the point of telling you."

"Then, since you couldn't tell me, why didn't you write?"

"When I came to say goodby, I said something about writing, but you seemed indifferent."

"Never indifferent; just occupied with my own unhappiness, with my desperate effort to believe in this man to whom I was engaged, to make of him my ideal man, held to him as I was by the ties of betrothal, which should in my eyes be binding as marriage, knowing him all the time to be false. Never indifferent! I remember now when you went away. I grieved after you. You left an ache in my life. If you had only said you cared for me!"

"I not only cared for you then, but all these years I have kept you in my heart. And now that you are free"—

Her eyes dilated, listening.

"And now that I am free," she repeated.

"I have come to claim you."

He drew her to him, laid her head against his shoulder and smoothed back her hair.

"I will make it all up to you," he promised, his tones deep and tender. "I will wipe out every memory of your old unhappiness."

A Connoisseur.

"Papa," said the boy, "when you say in your advertisements that your goods are acknowledged by connoisseurs to be the best what do you mean by connoisseurs?"

"A connoisseur, my boy," answered the great manufacturer, "is an eminent authority—an authority, in short, who admits that our goods are the best."

A Use For Money.

Rector—Remember, my young friend, there are things in life better than money.

Young Friend—Yes; I know that, but it takes money to buy them.

The Jail.

"I am going to visit the jail. There is a man I want to see there."

"Is one all? I know about forty whom I should like to see there."—Indianapolis News.

A message travels over an ocean cable at about 700 miles a second.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL

Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.

This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,

TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,

KANE - - PA.

This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style.

First-class accommodations for the traveling public.

M. B. PIERCE, Proprietor.

SARTWELL HOUSE,

PORT ALLEGANY, PA

Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.

C. S. KING, Proprietor

CHADWICK HOUSE,

D. R. McDONALD Proprietor

Larabee, Penn'a.

First-class in every respect

Well supplied Bar

Reasonable Rates.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

W. V. PROVIN, Prop'r.

125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,

CLERMONT, PENNA.

This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.

BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

BARBER SHOP,

Alfred Sturdveint.

Next door to Gallup's Store, Main St.

Shaving and Hair Dressing

In the latest style of Art.

None but first-class workmen employed. Alfred Sturdveint, Surgeon Chiropodist. Corns removed in a few minutes without pain or soreness. Also treatment for Bunions and ingrowing nails.

BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

Professional Cards

Attorneys.

Byron D. Hamlin. John Forrest.

Hamlin & Forrest

LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

Gorton & Richmond.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.

Smethport, Pa.

Bouton & Gallup.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.

Smethport, Pa.

All legal business attended to promptly.

E. R. Mayo & Son.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone.

E. R. Sherman,

PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 30 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 302-B.

Physicians.

H. L. McCoy.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.

Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.

Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Benninghoff.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.

Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

Office and Residence in Reilly Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,

DENTIST.

Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.

Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

Mrs. S. S. Woodbury,

47 Mechanic St. - - - - Bradford, Pa.

Finest and Medium Grade Millinery.

At prices far below the high rent district. Also we do French Accordian Plaiting 1 to 48 inches, Guaranteed equal to New York City Work. Mail and Express Orders Returned Promptly.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—William A. Stone.

Lieutenant Governor—J. P. S. Gobin.

State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.

Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.

Sec'y of Internal Affairs—James Latta.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Thomas A. Morrison, Smethport.

Member of Congress—J. C. Sibley, Venango.

State Senator—Myron Malson, Bradford.

Member of Assembly—E. A. Boyne, Bradford.

District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.

Sheriff—William B. Clarke, Smethport.

Prothonotary—G. W. Mitchell, Bradford.

County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.

Commissioners—A. M. Boardman, Smethport; Albert Peterson, Kane; Thos. F. Hungiville, Smethport.

Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.

Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. [illegible].

Auditors—A. L. Gallup, Smethport; R. G. Battle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.

Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.

County School Superintendent J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—F. W. Brownell.

Council—James A. McKean, president; Mrs. J. Colegrove, secretary; W. P. Walsh, treasurer; Charles McKean, C. Herzog, Alfred Hagberg, Thomas Camp, J. A. Yerdon.

Justices—B. L. Knapp, W. Stark.

Constable—C. N. Bates.

High Constable—Andrew Ness.

School Directors E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.

Collector—Carl Sasse.

Assessor—J. A. Holder.

Auditors—R. C. Sasse, John Eastman, Alex Clarke.

Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.

Inspectors of Election Samuel Green, F. H. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

GEO. W. MITCHELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

Wm. Ferguson, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F. Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R. McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall.

F. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C. Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. [illegible], Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PIERCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W. Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Keers Hall.

Z. C. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M. Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M. Bruce Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Tuesday afternoons.

Mollie E. Pierce, Com.
[illegible] E. Hocum, R. K.

C. M. B. A. Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus Block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U. Meets every Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in the M. E. chapel.

MISS S. A. SCULL, Pres't.
MRS. M. E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C. Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 11, O. E. S. Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS. L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

JOHN BENDER, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m., Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 24, 1901.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:14 a. m.

*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:39 p. m.

*Train leaving Smethport 2:39 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..........10:59 a. m.

Train 1-6, week days..........7:07 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..........9:14 a. m.

Train 129, week days..........2:39 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:18 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:23 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:30 a. m., Baltimore 2:30 a. m., Washington 4:05 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:30 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10 38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12 01 a. m. Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, (11 34 a. m Sundays). Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:16 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:30 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M. Lv.		Ar. P. M.
9 40	Ridgway	12 01
9 55	Johnsonburg	11 40
10 11	Glen Hazel	11 28
10 20	Straight	11 20
10 25	Instanter	11 16
10 31	Smith's Run	11 10
10 38	Woodvale	11 04
10 45	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11 48 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3.50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12.10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

B. B. & K. RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Eastern Standard Time.

IN EFFECT JUNE 1, 1902.

SOUTHBOUND.

STATIONS	1	3	5	7	9
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Bradford Leave	7 30	10 15	1 20	4 10	6 18
[illegible] Junc.	8 10	10 53	1 59	4 48	6 52
[illegible]	8 14	10 57	2 03	4 52	6 57
[illegible]	8 19	11 02	2 07	4 57	7 02
[illegible]	8 25	11 09	2 14	5 04	7 09
[illegible]	8 35	11 20	2 26	5 15	7 20
[illegible]port Ar.	9 00	11 50	2 50	5 40	7 45
Lv.	8 00	10 45	1 50	4 40	6 50
[illegible]	9 05	11 50	2 57	5 47	7 52
[illegible] Ar.	9 40	12 25	3 35	6 25	8 30
Lv.	9 50		4 30		
[illegible]	10 19		5 05		
[illegible] Junc.	10 41		5 30		
[illegible]	11 20		6 17		26
[illegible]	12 00				A. M.
[illegible]	12 15				
[illegible]	12 40				6 00
[illegible]	12 45				6 04
[illegible]	1 00				6 10
[illegible]	1 10				6 32
[illegible] Junc.	1 57				7 10
[illegible]	2 10				7 30
[illegible]	3 50				9 00
[illegible]	4 25				9 40
[illegible] Ar.	5 25				10 40
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.

NORTHBOUND.

STATIONS	2	4	6	8	26
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.
[illegible] Lv.				7 00	3 20
[illegible] Junc.				8 30	4 22
[illegible]				9 30	5 11
[illegible]				11 15	7 01
[illegible]				11 30	7 15
[illegible]				12 15	8 08
[illegible]				12 32	8 11
[illegible]				12 45	8 34
[illegible]				12 48	8 35
[illegible]				1 15	
[illegible]				1 34	
[illegible]		9 15		2 15	10
[illegible] Junc.		9 03		3 00	P. M.
[illegible]		9 28		3 25	
[illegible] Ar.		10 00		3 55	
Lv.	[illegible]	10 10	1 15	4 05	2 50
[illegible]	[illegible]	10 40	[illegible]	4 43	3 25
[illegible]	[illegible]	11 20	2 25	5 15	4 00
[illegible]port Ar.	9 00	11 50	2 50	5 40	
Lv.	8 00	11 45	1 50	4 00	
[illegible]	8 41	11 20	[illegible]	5 21	4 10
[illegible]	8 50	11 37	2 42	5 30	4 15
[illegible]	8 55	11 42	2 47	5 35	4 22
[illegible] Junc.	9 01	11 48	2 53	5 40	4 28
Bradford Ar.	[illegible]	12 20	3 25	6 10	5 00
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

[illegible] Sundays only [illegible]

[illegible] daily.

[illegible] daily, except between Ormsby and Smethport on Sundays.

All other trains daily except Sunday.

JNO. C. McKENNA, Gen. Pass. Agent.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 14.* Passenger Train Schedule Effective Saturday, Aug. 4, 1901.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
	1.10	8.10	lv Mt. Jewett ar	8.00	12.00	
5.21	1.50	8.31	Hazelhurst	7.36	11.36	4.26
5.29	2.05	8.37	Marvindale	7.29	11.29	4.19
5.32	2.10	8.40	Kasson	7.25	11.25	4.15
5.37	2.17	8.47	Comes	7.18	11.18	4.08
				7.10		
6.05	2.30	9.14	Smethport	p. m.		
				7.15	11.10	3.40
6.07	2.43	9.27	Farmers Valley	7.03	10.58	3.28
6.14	2.49	9.34	Corryville	6.56	10.51	3.21
6.20	2.55	9.40	Larrabee	6.50	10.46	3.15

SHAWMUT DIVISION.

Southward Read down		STATIONS & Sidings	Northward Read up	
P.M.	A.M.		P.M.	A.M.
7.40	11.30	Clermont	7.00	8.35
7.59	11.52	Wellendorf	6.28	8.17
8.12	12.06	Wildwood	6.40	8.04
8.22	12.19	North Fork	5.38	7.58
8.29	12.28	Bear Run	5.26	7.47
	AM			PM
8.47	12.50	St. Marys	4.50	7.25
9.07	2.50 7.38	St. Marys	11.02	6.47
	2.52 7.40	Kaul	11.00	6.45
	3.17 8.03	Paine	10.34	6.20
	3.21 8.08	Kersey	10.30	6.16
	4.00 8.46	Elbon	9.59	5.44
	4.05 8.50	Hyde	9.55	5.40
AM	AM		PM	AM
	6.03	St. Marys	6.08	
8.05	6.30	Paine	5.42	8.05
8.35	7.00	Byrne	5.10	7.30
8.40	7.05	Weedville	5.05	7.05

Close connections at St. Marys, with P. & E. R. R. for all points East and West. At Clermont, for all points on W. N. Y. & P. R'y. or their connections.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

M. S. BLAIR, General Supt. C. H. HAMMOND, Gen. Pass. Agt.

St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	L'v Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M. Ar.		Dp A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	o	1.57	Carpenter	o	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fld Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32
o	o	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	o
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	o	1.05	N. Couds'pt	o	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00 Dp.	Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15 Ar.	Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
o	o	12.13	Hammond	o	o	o
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	o	11.59	Knowlton	o	6.17	o
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	o	11.41	Coleman	o	6.34	o
3.20	o	o	Chem. Wrks	o	o	o
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M. Dp		Ar A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

We promptly obtain U. S. and Foreign

PATENTS

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C.A.SNOW & Co.

Opposite U. S. Patent Office
WASHINGTON D. C.

MAN, CHAPERON AND MAID

By Anna S. Richardson

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"You are entirely too young and attractive to chaperon Ruth," observed Mrs. Cuscadden, surveying her companion with a cool, critical glance. "But she fairly has hysterics when I suggest her going home with me. And really the dear child has seen nothing of Paris, and she wants another week or so in London. If you could, my dear Leslie"—

Mrs. Leslie Burns instantly replied that she could and she would with pleasure. So it happened that Mrs. Rogers Cuscadden sailed alone for New York to settle some vexed questions regarding the new house. Her parting warning to Mrs. Burns was:

"Now remember, Leslie, no international entanglements for Ruth. You know how Mr. Rogers feels on the subject. Besides I want to bring her out this season heart whole. A love affair is always a handicap for a debutante."

Never did chaperon use more graceful tact in executing her trust. Without making enemies she warded off the many admirers attracted to the vivacious young heiress until George Hackett appeared on the scene, dropping from some unheard of point in the orbit. Well bred, well groomed, well tailored, breezy and alert, he was diplomacy proof.

Attaching himself to their party of two, he proved distressingly convenient and desirable. He knew his Paris by heart and steered his countrywomen from boredom with a skillful hand. Ruth boldly espoused his cause and informed Mrs. Burns that she was having a much jollier time since Mr. Hackett's arrival, whereupon Mrs. Burns read her charge the first long lecture of their companionship. Not that it would do any good, she argued, for how could any heart whole girl withstand George Hackett?

When the stay in Paris drew to a close, Mrs. Burns heard with dismay that Mr. Hackett was accompanying them as far as London. And London was but Paris repeated. Mr. Hackett knew just what points of interest Ruth would enjoy and what she should avoid. He was more useful than Baedeker and infinitely better company.

But when the day for sailing from Southampton was set and Mrs. Burns learned that the ubiquitous Mr. Hackett had taken passage on the same boat despair filled her soul. To the experienced chaperon no episode is more heavily charged with danger than an ocean voyage. At first she had been as rude as her gentle nature would permit, but the more chilly her reception the more assiduously would he devote himself to Ruth. If she occasionally relented and treated him with gracious tolerance, Mr. Hackett showed eager appreciation of her favor and waxed brilliant.

She was thinking it all over tonight as she sat alone on the deck. In less than twenty-four hours, the captain had said, they would be in New York harbor. Then must come the accounting to Mrs. Cuscadden. No doubt at this very moment, under the cover of coon songs in the saloon, Mr. Hackett was whispering into the ears of Ruth those tender words which he should not be permitted to whisper.

The traitorous chaperon felt a sudden twitching at her heartstrings. Should she defy fate in the form of Mrs. Cuscadden? For herself it would mean but a broken friendship; for George Hackett it meant happiness for life. Strangely enough she did not seem to consider Ruth's happiness. She was thinking only of her girlhood, when Hackett's friendship had been such a very dear thing; when she would have given him—promised him—anything he might ask, but he had not asked.

The coon singer had finished, and the softer strains of a popular waltz floated out on the night air. A great wave of tenderness swept over Leslie Burns. Why should she stand between the man she had loved and the happiness he now craved?

Alas for the confiding, complacent Mrs. Cuscadden and her maternal plans!

Mrs. Burns drew her cape more closely and shivered slightly. A shadow fell across the bar of light streaming from the gangway. A voice clear, but not loud, broke the silence brooding on the deck.

"May I have my cigar out here with you, Mrs. Burns?" Then as he dropped into the chair at her side: "What a bore one's traveling companions become directly land is sighted! I don't blame you for getting off to yourself."

"Oh, it wasn't that exactly," murmured Mrs. Burns. Then, with the air of trying to fill in an awkward pause, she added: "But there is a subtle joy in feeling that tomorrow night we shall see the New York harbor lights gleaming. There's no place in the world just like New York to us."

"Shall you stop in town?" queried Hackett.

"Just a day or so. I've a week promised to Mrs. Davenport at Tuxedo."

"Glad to hear that. I shall be in Tuxedo next week. Harry's taken a box down there for the rest of the season."

"But the Cuscaddens will be at the hot springs until their new place is finished." The remark sounded strangely flat to Mrs. Burns, and instantly she wished she had not given vent to her thought. Again she covered an awkward pause. "Dear me, I wonder where Ruth is this very minute."

"When I saw her last, dancing with young Ransome. A harmless youth, I assure you," he added whimsically as Mrs. Burns made a motion to rise. "Don't go, please, until— I have something I must tell you before we land."

"It was coming. The guilty chaperon closed her eyes figuratively and prepared to take the plunge. She would pledge her aid and give it.

"Leslie"—

She started. Five years had passed since she had heard that name from his lips. Vaguely she wished he had commenced some other way.

"Do you remember when father sent me abroad? I was fresh from college, not much more than a boy. I knew little of life—women least of all. My experiences abroad with fellows I liked first bewildered and then fascinated me, and when father wrote I might make another year of it I was wild with delight.

"But you remember I wrote to you regularly. I supposed you understood. When I read of your coming out, I was tremendously proud. I think I ordered lilies of the valley for you by cable. I remember, too, thinking that when you'd had a season of that sort of thing and I'd finished my jaunt we'd settle down and be—very happy. I never dreamed that you were waiting for me to say so. I thought so clever a girl as you could read between the lines of my letters, and somehow I wanted to hear a certain little word from your own lips."

The woman at his side started to speak, but he waved her aside. The crimson glow of his cigar had turned to gray ashes, but he still clutched it between his fingers.

"The letter announcing your engagement reached me in Madrid. I've never been in the God forsaken hole since. When I reached America, you and your husband had gone abroad. For a year I tried life on the street, but I could not stand for it. Then I tried shooting lions in Africa and tigers in India. That went better than fleecing lambs in Wall street. I was visiting with a mighty good fellow on Curzon's staff when I heard—quite by accident—that you were free. Two days later I turned my face westward. I did not intend to stop in Paris but you were there. I thought great heavens, how I hoped—you'd be glad to see me, but you were not. And, Leslie," his tone was actually commanding, "I want to know why."

The woman had been listening with bowed head, but with a strangely happy light gleaming in her eyes. Hesitatingly, incoherently, she explained her conduct in Paris, in London and aboard ship. Before she finished Hackett, possessing himself of both her hands, exclaimed:

"And you really thought it was that child! Oh, Leslie, Leslie, couldn't you read the truth in my eyes?"

Mrs. Burns suddenly recalled her duties as chaperon. She withdrew her hands from his masterful grasp.

"How could I look you in the eye when I knew I was unfaithful to the trust imposed on me by Mrs. Cuscadden?"

The old piquant humor rang in her voice. She had risen. From the saloon came the tintinnabulation of light music. The deck was free from promenaders. They were alone for the first time in five years.

* * * * * * * *

"Oh, what will Mrs. Cuscadden say?"

Hackett bent over her to gather up her wraps.

"I really don't see that she has anything to do with our little affair, provided you return her daughter heart whole and free from international entanglements," he answered joyously.

A shadow fell across the bar of light, then another, and the figure of a girl was silhouetted against the brilliant interior of the ship.

"Mrs. Burns, where are you? We're to have a good old fashioned Virginia reel to celebrate our last night on board. Do hurry up! We have a partner waiting for you!"

Then as Hackett's dark figure suddenly loomed up behind Mrs. Burns he glanced mischievously at Ruth and exclaimed, with a happy ring of ownership in his voice:

"Won't I do for her partner? I rather think this dance is mine!"

Delicate Tact.

I watched them on the street car—the little mother and her manly boy of nine or ten.

Before them was seated a white haired man, whose almost entirely sightless eyes were hidden behind a pair of dark glasses. The man was trusting to instinct or intuition, whichever one may call it, more than to sight to tell him when he had reached his particular corner. Closely he bent his face to the glass and hesitatingly reached his hand toward the bell.

"Mother," whispered the manly boy, "may I not ask him where he wants to get off and help him too?"

One glance at the proud, pale face, and the little mother answered:

"No, son; I don't believe he would like to be made feel dependent."

Then as quick as thought she said in a loud tone:

"See, son; the next corner is Seventh street, then Sixth and Broadway. The hotel is on Broadway. Don't let mother miss it."

Promptly the man's hand went to the bell. Seventh was evidently the street he wanted.

I fancy that when that boy has grown to be a man any expression of the fine charity that is now latent in his heart will be accompanied by tact in action and that in looking back over the years he will remember the lessons; that they were good ones; that his mother taught him.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Satirical.

"Did you know," said the young man who tried to pose as a handy volume of information, "that there was a time when it was considered a crime for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday?"

"Indeed!" rejoined Miss Cayenne. "And now there are a number of instances in which it would probably be looked on more as a penance."—Washington Star.

The Stopover No Trouble.

Hennepeck—~~Do our tickets~~ allow us to stop over?

Mrs. Hennepeck—You can stop over anywhere you like. The trouble will all come when you get on the next train to continue the trip with the same old ticket.—Los Angeles Herald.

A Sad Story.

Fowling is now very little practiced in the Shetland islands, although many eggs are secured annually. Many thrilling stories of fowling adventure are told by the Shetlanders. A man who had undertaken to climb a certain steep cliff was neither very experienced nor very brave, although he boasted of being both. He pushed upward, however, briskly without looking behind until he had got up about 150 feet, when he stopped to breathe. The pause was fatal to his self possession, and he called out in tones of terror, "Men, men, I am going—I am going." But he still held on for a little, and it was not till he had shrieked many times "I am going" that he did fall headlong.

His comrades, having thus been warned, moved the boat out of the way so that the poor fellow came sheer down into the deep water. Mighty was the plunge, but at length he rose to the surface, when of course he was instantly caught hold of and dragged into the boat. After many gasps and much spluttering of sea water from his mouth his only remark was: "Eh, men, this is a sad story. I have lost my snuffbox."—"Sketches and Tales of Shetland."

The Strain on the Eye.

There is no reason why a muscle or muscles of the eye should not fag out just as the muscles elsewhere do. Let one bear a weight all day long, does he not attribute his consequent headache to the heavy burden he has borne? It seems without elaborate thinking we could conceive of the results following upon prolonged use of the eye. Nature has done all she could to protect and prolong the usefulness of the eye.

No earthly architect ever yet planned a structure that would not yield, crumble and fall, and the house human, so exquisitely uplifted in curious and mysterious ways, fails and returns to dust more rapidly and surely than need be, for the reason that we do not realize how much one part is sustained or overthrown by another. One tiny muscle is potent enough to disturb the whole economy, especially if intercurrent diseases exist in addition to "eye strain."

The Cook Was Safe.

An Italian prince who had a Sicilian cook was once traveling to his provincial estates, taking with him his cook, together with his entire kitchen force, without which, so fond was he of the delicacies they were wont to prepare, he rarely if ever traveled. At a point where the narrow path along the precipice turned the angle of a projecting rock the prince, at the head of his long cavalcade, heard a shriek and the splash of a body falling into the torrent far below. With a face white with horror he pulled up and, looking back, exclaimed: "The cook! The cook! Oh, do not tell me it is the cook!"

"No, your excellency," cried a voice from the rear. "It is Don Prosdocemo."

The prince heaved a sigh of intense relief, then said: "Ah, only the chaplain! Thank goodness!"

Very Fine Handiwork.

Dr. Heylin, in his "Life of King Charles," records that during the reign of Queen Elizabeth "there was one who wrote the Ten Commandments, the Creed, the Pater Noster, the queen's name and the prayer of our Lord within the compass of a penny and gave her majesty a pair of spectacles of such an artificial making that by the help thereof she did plainly and distinctly discern every letter."

A somewhat similar feat was that "rare piece of work brought to pass by Peter Bales, an Englishman, who also exhibited before her majesty the entire Bible written in a book containing as many leaves as a full sized edition, but fitting into a walnut."

Parasite Flowers.

Curious excrescences resembling rude flowers that grow on trees in Tierra del Fuego are described by a correspondent of La Nature, Paris. These are found to be due to a parasitic growth, but the "flowers" consist of the inner wood of the tree which has been forced through the bark and assumes various fanciful shapes, often those of the classical acanthus, seen on Corinthian capitals. The parasite that causes the growth is a relative of the mistletoe.

Cork Carpets.

A cork carpet may be kept clean and in good condition by using the following mixture: Put into a bottle equal parts of vinegar, turpentine, methylated spirit and linseed oil and shake all well together. Rub this well all over the carpet with a pad of cloth or something of the kind, polishing it well afterward with a clean cloth.

To Bring It Out.

"I know I've got a vein of poetry in me, sir," confidently asserted the young man to the editor, "and all I want is a chance to bring it out. What would you suggest, sir?"

"I think you had better see a doctor and have it lanced."

The Wrong Castoff.

Something is the matter with the law of waste and economy in this world. Fowls fit for eating are not the ones that have plumage fit for trimming hats.—Atchison Globe.

A Wet Blanket.

"Congratulate me, Jimmy. I'm engaged to Sally Jenks."

"I'm awfully sorry, Henry, but I can't conscientiously do it. I've been engaged to Sally myself."

His Worth.

Naggsby—You say Trighfler is more trouble than he's worth. I haven't found him much trouble.

Waggsby—Neither have I.—Los Angeles Herald.

The ink of the Greeks and Romans was merely lampblack mingled with gum in the proportion of three parts of the former to one of the latter.

The Misery of It.

The man who is looking for trouble can find trouble without trouble.—Philadelphia Record.

The Cause of Vice.

Vice is due chiefly to inattention; not ignorance, but thoughtlessness. "I see the better and approve, yet I pursue the worse." In this case knowledge is not absent, but detective. It is on the margin instead of in the focus of consciousness. In the language of physiological psychology a present appetite presents its claims on great billows of nerve commotion which come rolling in with all the tang and pungency which is the characteristic mark of immediate peripheral excitation. The future consequences of the gratification of that appetite, on the contrary, are represented by the tiny, faint, feeble waves which flow over from some other brain center, excited long ago, when the connection of this particular cause with its natural effect was first experienced. In such an unequal contest between powerful vibrations shot swift and straight along the tingling nerves from the seat of immediate peripheral commotion and the meager, measured flow of faded impressions whose initial velocity and force were long since spent what wonder that the remote effect seems dim, vague and unreal, and that the immediate gratification of the insistent, clamorous appetite or passion wins the day!—William De Witt Hyde in Atlantic.

The Woman and the Rose.

A traveler stopped at a little cabin in the Georgia woods. He wore a white rose on his coat, one that a little girl had plucked and pinned there as he was leaving home.

A woman entered the cabin. She stood and gazed at the rose a moment. Then, darting forward, she tore it from the stranger's coat and stamped it on the rude floor.

"Why did you do that?" asked the stranger, leaping to his feet.

"Hush!" said a man who was sitting near. "That's my wife, an' an' she ain't right here," tapping his forehead. "We had a little girl once with blue eyes an' hair like a sunset. She wandered off among the roses one day, lost, lost, an' when we found her she was where the roses grow, an' they was creepin' over her, an' the wife there went mad, an' now she says the roses stole the child an' hid her away from us forever, an' she goes about an' tramples them, just like she did the rose there on the floor."

Snuff and a Crook.

Robert Pinkerton once told a story of his father, the founder of the detective agency, which illustrates the elder Pinkerton's caution. A noted criminal was detained in Pinkerton's Chicago office. The elder Pinkerton left the room and when he returned took the precaution of holding a revolver in front of him ready for use.

He saw the criminal standing by the door with a snuffbox he had picked up from Pinkerton's desk in his hand.

"This is good snuff," affably remarked the crook as he took a sniff.

"For the eyes or the nose?" asked Pinkerton, who knew that the crook had intended to blind him in an effort to escape.

"Well," remarked the criminal, "I'm sorry to say that the nose gets it this time."

Would Not Keep Her Back.

Saddler Sime was a droll character and yet of a type by no means scarce in the rural districts of the north of Scotland, says the Dundee Journal. One morning when a neighbor entered his shop he was greeted with the following:

"Man, Jeemie, I had an awfu' dream last nicht. I thocht I saw my wife fleein' awa' up to heaven wi' a great big pair of weengs."

"Aye, man, an' did ye no try to pu' her back?"

"Na, na; I juist clappit my hands an' cried, 'Shoo! Shoo!' I was feart she wad never hae anither chance of gettin' sae near in."

He Saw How It Fell.

An Irishman who was visiting America for the first time was lost in admiration of the Niagara falls when a friend accosted him:

"Well, Pat, and what do you think of this? Isn't it a grand sight? There's nothing in the old country to come up to it. See how it falls!"

"Faith, I see how it falls," said Pat; "but, shure, there's nothin' to hinder it!"—London Nuggets.

Natural.

Clarence—I wish I had lots of money.

Uncle Henry—If one could get what he wished for, I think I should wish for common sense, not for money.

Clarence — Naturally every one wishes for what he hasn't got.—Boston Transcript.

He Knew Her.

She—Reggie, dear, there is something of the old time love light in your eyes tonight—something about you that reminds me of those sweet days of long ago. I hope you have—

He—Yes, I have a little left. How much do you want this time?

Would Surely Raise Revenue.

In the old days they spoke of a licensed fool. If all the fools were required to have a license now, the government could do away with its other taxes and still maintain the surplus. There's a "single tax" for you.—Montesano Independent.

A Genuine Achievement.

"My son," said the old lady proudly, "is a surgeon of great ability. Why, when there was a railroad wreck down here a little while ago he saved the life of a man that was fatally injured."—Washington Times.

A Good Thing For Dinner.

"I had something I like for my dinner today," said the poor man, "but it didn't do me any good."

"You don't say! What was it?"

"A magnificent appetite."—Philadelphia Press.

A Good Reason.

"What makes you think, sir, that I will not be able to support your daughter?"

"Well, I haven't been able to myself."—Brooklyn Life.

PICTURESQUE BRITTANY.

A Market Scene In This Quaint French Province.

Brittany is a land where the peasants till the earth in zouave trousers, toreador jackets covered with arabesque embroideries and green waistcoats around which run lines of crimson. The women wear short red skirts, great medici collars and coifs that flutter about their heads like the wings of doves. From beneath the points of their black caps the children gaze at you with wide eyes full of the curiosity of animals.

These people live in houses built of sculptured granite and sleep in openwork closets carved like the moucharabieks of Egypt.

In spite of the "Breton Interiors" and "Returns of the Fishermen" with which painters swamp the market this race is still unknown or misunderstood, for they should be seen not in paintings, but in their homes, in their old time streets, on market days and when, in fair time, the tents are pitched in the village market places.

Fiery little horses draw to market fish, fine vegetables and all the early produce of Roscoff. They are spread out upon the sidewalk. Chickens cackle; goats bleat; pigs, tied by the leg, strain toward the vegetables, sniffing at the fresh greens.

Farmers in sabots, carrying great blue umbrellas under their arms, with the two ribbons of their felt hats floating down their backs, pick their way among the Dinan china displayed on the ground—capacious soup tureens, elder jugs and plates covered with painted flowers and grotesque figures.

The peasants converse with but few gestures; they bargain in guttural tones.

These taciturn people forget themselves in the barrooms on fair days. The taverns are full of noise. You may hear the sound of an accordion and the plaintive note of the biniou (a sort of bagpipe), leading monotonous dances.

Into the harbor come boats laden with fish, other boats go out. The fishermen are full of business. Next week will occur the departure for the new country. There are women who weep.

Above all this agitation the smoke of the village chimneys mingles with the great white clouds. The quiet sea mirrors the sun.—Artist Castaigne in Century.

LITERARY TREASURES.

Some Which Have Been and Some Which May Be Lost to View.

The world, we have been assured time and again, knows nothing of its greatest men. Perhaps it is equally ignorant about its greatest books. Are we quite sure that the idols in our literary pantheon are arrayed in their due order of precedence? The rules of precedence change, and who shall assert that those prevalent at any given time are the final ones? But, above all, are we quite certain that there may not be a notable work of genius lying unnoticed and unknown amid the wrecks of the river of time, waiting only for some lucky accident that shall reveal it in all its beauty to an astonished world?

Such accidents with such results have been frequent in the history of the past. Indeed such accidents have preserved or have revealed to the world no insignificant proportion of its now acknowledged masterpieces.

The books of the Bible themselves have experienced the narrowest escapes, from what might have resulted in their total loss. The most notable example is that of Deuteronomy, which disappeared from the Jewish world for over a century. The story of its rediscovery by the high priest Hezekiah during the reign of good King Josiah is set forth in the Old Testament.

Shakespeare was practically forgotten in the days when Addison wrote his "Account of the Greatest English Poets," with never a mention of the name of the very greatest, yet it was shortly afterward that Shakespeare was resuscitated.

Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam" and Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" dropped stillborn from the press and later won a sudden popularity by accident.—William S. Walsh in Era Magazine.

Patience With Eccentricity.

Many of the leading people in English society regarded Thomas Carlyle with a feeling almost akin to reverent delight when he chose to behave like an ignorant boor in their drawing rooms, even taking his seat, it is said, unbidden in the presence of the queen. This generation, however, has little patience with such eccentricities.

It was an English bishop who, when the historian Freeman had worn out his patience with his rudeness, introduced him to a waiting audience as "the distinguished scholar that so admirably describes and illustrates the savagery of our ancestors."

Wanted.

Boys at the Haines Flint glass bottle factory. Heads of families with boys can also find employment.

I have a few single-combed White Leghorn cockerels for sale.

W. J. Wilson,

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The Miner and Redfield's Magazine one year for only $1.20.

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Administrators' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of C. W. Lilgendahl, late of Smethport, McKean county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to Inga M. Lilgendahl and Ralph E. Burdick, residing in said borough, county and state, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment at once, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

Inga M. Lilgendahl,
Ralph E. Burdick,
Administrators.

Smethport, Pa, Oct. 7, 1902.

WE HAVE

Convinced

a good many people in town that ours is a good store to buy groceries at. Come in and we will convince you, too, we can do it, because we have only first class groceries, low prices, prompt delivery. Use both phones to order or we will call at your house for the order if you request it.

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What Do You Want?

If it is anything in the plumbing line I have it, from a 10 cent mantle to a $100 water heater. It makes no difference what you want I can furnish it. If it is not in stock I can get it for you in the shortest possible time.

And as for men to do the work I have as good as there are in the country. Call and see.

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can be repaired. There are remedies, if not certain cures, here for every ailment under the sun. Our stock of

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Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 26, June Term, 1902.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, George A. Harvey did, on the 25th day of February, 1902, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Ida Harvey.

We therefore command you, the said Ida Harvey, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of George A. Harvey and show cause, if any you have, why the said George A. Harvey, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

William D. Clarke, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 11, 1902.

Shaffer & Shaffer, Libellant's Attorneys.